VOL. III. AUGUST, 1888. No. 8.

"A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power and disinterested love."— CHANNING.

THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

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CONTENTS.

Sowers. *A. A. Livermore, D. D.* - 337
SERMON: Until Seventy Times Seven. *Rev. Thomas L. Eliot* - - 337
Amos Bronson Alcott. *George W. Cooke* - - - - 340
Judas Maccabæus. *B. H.* - - 342
The Unitarian Movement for the Last Ten Years. *J. H. Crooker* - 345
Emerson on Immortality - 350
A Sunday in James Freeman Clarke's Church - - - - 351
Jesus' Religion Without His Theology. *J. T. S.* - - - - 352
A Favorite Hymn and Its Author, by *A. P. Putnam, D. D.* - 353
One Upward Look Each Day - - 357
Illustrations of Unitarianism: James Freeman Clarke's Religious Teaching Epitomized - - - - 358
Our Industrial School for Indians, by *J. F. B. Marshall* - - - 358
How Our Cause is Hurt - - 359
Editorial Notes - - - 360
Universalist Notes: Our Institutions of Learning; Co-Education - 361
Literary Notes - - - 362
News from the Field - - 364
Jottings - - - - - 368

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CONTENTS.

The Change of Front of the Universe. Minot J. Savage.
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THE UNITARIAN:

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. III. AUGUST, 1888. No. 8.

SOWERS.*

Far from heavenly skies descending,
Blooms again the spring-time fair,
Use and beauty sweetly blending,
Wastes of winter to repair.

Jesus, Sun of Light, appearing,
Sowed in ages dark his rays,
With his hope all nations cheering,
Leading on immortal days.

Forth, then, sowers of the morning,
Scatter wide his seed of truth,
All the wilds of earth adorning
With its fresh and golden youth.

Free o'er hill and valley sowing,
Not a kernel cast in vain,
All for the great harvest growing,
When God's angels reap the grain.

A. A. LIVERMORE, D. D.

UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

A SERMON, BY THOMAS L. ELIOT.

"I say unto you: Until seventy times seven." Matt. XVIII. 22.

This is one of the sentences which, had we nothing else concerning Jesus, if all life records of him had perished, would have invested him with a dignity and loftiness of spirit greater than that of any teacher or prophet of humanity who has ever lived. For, like all his utterances, it calls for a complete change of standpoint. In the sphere of duties and morals, a declaration like this is like the declaration of Copernicus, shifting the centre of astronomy from the earth to the sun!

Peter says, "Master, our Rabbis command us to forgive three times, if a man injures us. You seem to be demanding more than they do, what do you say to seven times? Is that enough?" Jesus swiftly seizes on that mystical number seven, so dear to the Jewish mind, and then, as one might open his hand and let free an imprisoned bird, he looses it into immensity—"I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven!" What an answer to give to a man who had just stretched his imagination to what he thought was an almost absurd generosity! And what could his royal Master mean! He meant for Peter, and he means, as spiritual head of our race, for you and me, a complete reversal of moral method. In this matter of forgiveness, for example. Peter treats it as a machine question, a problem of mechanics, a thing to grind out by arithmetic! It is as if one were to keep a tally: My neighbor wrongs me once—"Well, I forgive him"; again, and again he is sorry—"Well, only five more chances";—the third time—"I've got to stand it, but just wait till"—four, five, six, (this is getting serious) *seven*, (is he keeping count also? That's not my concern—if he makes a mistake) EIGHT! But he has turned again saying, "I repent." "No, sir. Time is up. It is written, 'God shall wound the head of his enemies and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses!'"

That was the line of thought Peter was on. I have put the case pointedly, perhaps too strongly. No doubt the apostle was unconscious of the real drift of his own question, but is not the quality of it just that? How often it is so with us all! What subtle selfishnesses, what miserable egotisms, and grossnesses, lie coiled up within our schemes of living and salvation! The centre, *self;* the question, "Lord, what shall we have?" life's object, to keep even with a taskmaster and make others keep even with us! How much of our morality is tainted with the question,

*Written for use at the graduating exercises of the last class at the Meadville Theological School.

"Lord, how far shall I go, and then *be let off?*"

In the mind of our great Master, he who had come upon the unutterable secret of life, how paltry and unworthy a book-keeping morality appeared! How often forgive my brother! He who dates his being in God, as I do, for whom the Heavenly Father ordained the same mystery of being, that is in me! How often forgive him, child of that God whose forgiveness we must all seek for broken lives and wounded will, for sins against the light and in the light! How swift am I with self-pity, excusings, self-justifyings before my fallen ideals and accusing life angels—and do I ask how many times am I to be merciful to others? *A quality of soul*, not a quantity of acts, is mercy, whose measure is eternal, whose centre is in no human outlook of mine and thine, but in the Infinite bosom of the Divine Mercy. In thought we put ourselves in God's place, and in action do as God would do in our place. This was Jesus' meaning in "seventy times seven." And what a transcendant morality is indicated! Is it possible to human nature? Can mortal man treat his brother as does God? *Jesus himself* is the answer. His life gives us the way. It is a method transfiguring the whole moral law. That method indeed is the culmination of the wonderful prophetic spirit, which hung such lamps in the temple of truth as, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, and strength," and, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?" But in Jesus Christ's experience the transition seemed accomplished in which morality ceased to come in the form of requirement, of external law, and became a nature, a luxury, an all controlling happiness and burden of a desire.

Let us look into this more closely. What conditions of the life of man are the beginning or cause of the moral idea? Not his physical relations, his place in a world of matter, but chiefly his social relations, his place in a world of men and in the universe of souls. Right and wrong are not abstractions; they are chiefly concerns of man with man. In order to speak the truth, there must be another than ourselves to whom we speak. To be just, or unjust, means rights of other men, implicated in what we may do or refrain from doing. Now there are moral systems which are buildings, set stone on stone, plank over plank, according to laws and by-laws, codes and casuistries. "What *ought* I to do"? With such a system I must be an elaborate student, and have at my elbow a moral lawyer, a confessor. It is a life of "Thou shalt nots," and "Thou shalts," —a life asking, at every turn, Peter's question, "How many times, or what measure?" Morality of this constructed kind means inevitably a code and a priesthood and, for the individual, ever the questions: "How far shall I go, and then be let off?" "How interpret this or that law, to my own interest?"—as the homely proverb has it, "How save my cake and eat my cake?" It is a perpetual conflict between selfishness and legalism. If selfishness overtops, then we have a conscience slipping over the edge of each law with casuistries. If legalism, we have a conscience oppressed, loaded with fears and accusings at every turn. The Pharisee is one type of such a moralist, the worldling is another, the ascetic, fleeing from all society, is another. When Jesus said, "Come unto me, ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest," he addressed souls groaning under legalisms, men and women who wanted to be and do right, but had almost to carry a moral receipt book and priest into their very kitchens and dressing rooms to know how. What despairs, what chills and fevers in their path! All true men feel the failure of such systems and long for liberty. The false men keep the letter of the law and gloze the Commandment with their own interpretation:—

"Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency.
Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At Church on Sunday to attend

Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill; but need not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat.
Bear not false-witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition."

Have you ever thought how cheap the ten commandments are? Do not start. They *were* not cheap to a Hebrew tribe—a semi-barbaric people. They are still adequate—for Modocs and Zulus; and for too many of their white brethren in so called Christian lands. But I call them cheap, by the authority of Christ! They are cheap because a man may keep them all—and be unlovely, unhuman, stationary. They are cheap, because negative; cheapest of all, because they may positively obstruct character. One may keep them from his youth up, and may ask, "Am I not clear of God, have I not earned eternal life? and am I not *even* with my fellows?" The Hebrew of the 7th century before Christ had outgrown them; writing in Deuteronomy, "Hear O Israel, Thou shalt love Jehovah;" and reaching out to neighbor and slave a higher justice and mercy, saying, "your Sabbaths are an abomination, righten the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." How much farther were they outgrown by him who made himself of no reputation,—"emptied himself" is the true rendering of the words—*emptied himself* for the sake of the sorrowing, faltering brotherhood of man!

Need we state in what manner Jesus used the moral law for inspiration; or how far with him it became a living thing, a thing growing its own branches, putting out its own flowers, scattering its own fruit and seeds; or how he put his "seventy times seven" thought into the old words "right and wrong," and into the old law, "Thou shalt not steal, covet, or kill?" What does *he* mean by justice, by truth, by purity? How does he answer the question, "Who is my neighbor?" and the sneer, "This man if he were a prophet would know what manner of woman this is!"

Jesus transmuted every relation in which man can stand to man, by including it and them in the household, the family of God! He would fill us, you and me, by virtue of our humanity with the passion of our race. By every joy we know, and every solemn exultation, he would entrance us with a vision of other minds in poverty of that joy, other hearts bereft of a happiness which yet they are capable of and dumbly yearn for. When that spirit characterizes my relation to my fellow man, how out of place is any arithmetic, and how inadequate the question, "what shall I do and then be let off!" Tell me, fond mother, will you ask such a question concerning the babe lying unconscious in your arms? You gave it life; do you now question, with numbers and scales, your moral duties? No! you let the love God gave you for that helpless being move on and flow out, with no constitution or by-laws. It is a growing thing, that love of yours, and counts sacrifices, pleasures, for your child's sake! Jesus somehow, explain it as you will, felt that way towards every living soul. This affection was its own law and by-law. He discerned and reverenced that within each man, which is made in God's image, and which blindly seeks to live. The proud and wayward, the oppressed and despairing, each in turn he would bless out of a prodigal hope, an incredible faith in the jewel of their humanity. Until seventy times seven! Not cold duty, but inexpressible yearning for their self recognition as God's children, led him to lead the life and speak the words he did. He knew the depth of sin and wrong, their inevitable degradation and ruin, and he knew the worth, the priceless treasure of a life hid in God's. To give himself and all he was, in order to bring others out of that degradation, and into his own blessedness, was the natural outflow of Jesus' love. This was its own law, not "what shall I do and then be let off," but "My meat is to do my Father's will, and

finish his work," "Pray ye for more laborers in his harvest!"

My Friends, such a spirit—such an all transforming passion of service and self-emptying—is the one "unspeakable gift" that Jesus Christ's brief ministry planted, like a heavenly contagion on earth. The course of Christian history, alas, has flowed vagrant enough,—the old selfishness and the old legalism turn its sweet current aside, and mar the fields of humanity with their swamps and pools; but, thank God, the heavenly succession has not failed, and what a concourse, beyond imagination, have taken of that living water, received the very likeness of Jesus in their hearts and felt its divine outflow — happy liberty, the luxury of service for love's sake! "He that loseth his life shall find it." O! immeasurable mystery and secret until experienced! That it has been experienced by thousands of thousands, the saints, the martyrs and heroes of our race, is evidence enough of its reality and attainableness, and proof enough that the experience is native to the nature of man. Catholic and Protestant, rich and poor, low and high, oppressed and free, have come into the blessed "law of the Spirit of Life which is in Christ Jesus," and have been truly freed from the law of sin and death.

The transcendant gift of Jesus to the world was his estimate of the value and range of the human soul, and his conviction that every son of man is by virtue of nature and election a son of God. His method was to make the immortal experiment and become the "first born among many brethren." His Church Universal is in every heart that catches the divine enthusiasm of Jesus' own faith, saying: "Great Master and greater Brother, let me look with your eyes into God's face, and into my fellow man's."

May we see what Christ sees that ought to be done, here and now, and have Christ's faith that it can be done, and share with him the infinite Sympathy and Power of the Ever Present God, in a consecration, and a service, like his own, aspiring from a mortal's measure to the measure of the Angel in us—not seven times—but seventy times seven!

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

The Concord School of Philosophy devoted its one-day session of this year to the memory of its founder, Amos Bronson Alcott. A biographical address was given by Alcott's intimate friend, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn; and an account of his philosophical system was read by Prof. W. T. Harris. Brief addresses were made by Dr. Bartol, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, W. L. Garrison, John Albee, and others. The Hillside Chapel was filled, and the gathing was in every way a worthy tribute to a unique character. It did something, perhaps much, towards giving the public a right understanding of this remarkable man and the work he accomplished.

In a letter read from Dr. Hedge, Alcott was called our best representative of the spiritual hero. Emerson, with a twinkle in his eye, once said of Alcott, that he set the Darwinian theory on its head. These remarks of his friends indicated how thoroughly Alcott was an idealist, for he was born with a remarkable insight into spiritual facts. He had no eye for the material world; it was the ideal universe alone in which he lived.

Alcott occupies a remarkable place in the history of philosophy, not because of the originality or the greatness of his thought; but because he revived a manner of thinking wholly alien to our practical ideas and methods. In a fragmentary way he developed his theory of the universe in the little book called "Table-Talk." The basis of his thought is to be found in Plotinus, Jamblicus, and the neo-Platonists. Some phases of it he caught from Boehme, who was called by him the greatest writer on *genesis* since Moses. He was also indebted to the English poets and essayists of the seventeenth century, who cultivated the neo-Platonic form of idealism. This method of thinking came to him with a perfect adaptability to the qualities and tendencies of his own

mind. He found it out in a fragmentary way, in translations and in old English books; but he welcomed it as if it had ever been his own. Alcott was a gnostic, an idealist, a transcendentalist. It was not in the least difficult for him to believe that mind is all; it would have been impossible for him to have thought otherwise.

Alcott deserves to be remembered because he was so truly the knight-errant of all the reforms of his day. He was one of the listeners to Garrison's first anti-slavery lecture in Boston, and a member of the first anti-slavery society. He early espoused the cause of woman; he was a communist in the days of Brook Farm; and he was a vegetarian, a water-drinker, a non-tax payer, and many other things, in those days when men looked for a new heavens and a new earth. In his later years he looked back upon those days, not with regret, but as upon a time of apprenticeship and development, half-apologetically and half-humorously.

His work as an educator deserves to be mentioned, not because of its direct results, but as a part of the effort of the time to gain a more natural and individual method of instructing the young. In Miss Elizabeth Peabody's "Record of Mr. Alcott's School" is to be found an account of one of the most remarkable of educational experiments. The experiment he made deserves to be ranked with those of Frœbel and Pestalozzi, though it was not in any such degree successful. Its aim was in much the same direction, and its methods were not unlike; but Alcott had not the practical talent necessary to establish his school on a working basis.

When Alcott set about the task, on the failure of his school, of teaching adults by the means of conversation, he met with much greater success. He was in this way a great talker, and an inspiring leader of conversations. He was not an orator, but a talker, though his talk was nearly always in the form of monologue. He needed the sympathy of other minds, and the stimulus of questions and sharp retorts, to draw out his powers and to awaken his gifts for improvisation. He had grace, beauty, power, inspiration and eloquence when he was once aroused and his mind was in full activity. Emerson on more than one occasion bore testimony to Alcott's conversational gifts, and to the penetration and depth of his thought when he was in the full movement of his inspired utterance. His thought then flowed on with a readiness and amplitude of which his books give no hint, except in a few passages. He did not always leave definite intellectual impressions as the result of his conversations; but he gave his hearers beautiful thoughts and noble impulses. He was listened to gladly by many persons year after year, and to not a few he proved a genuine help.

It was not merely what Alcott said which enabled him to influence other minds. His intense idealism and his utter want of practical talent made him the constant butt of the Philistines; and to those who were in sympathy with him it was not easy to follow his otherworldly strain of lofty thought. What helped to attract people to him was his gentleness, his simplicity, his purity and his manliness. He had the manners of a prince, and the distinguished air of a peer. He was a man of the greatest purity of mind; no coarseness, no sensuality, tainted his nature. He could have uttered in any company all that passed through his mind, so thoroughly pure was he in sentiment and in thought. He had a remarkable evenness and serenity of temper. It might be said that he was wanting in temper, but that he was manly and robust in his character.

The reader of Alcott's books will not find them equal to his genius, and yet they deserve to stand on the same shelf with those of Emerson, Thoreau, Burroughs and Whitman. Those now published by Roberts Brothers are the "Record of Mr. Alcott's School," "Tablets," "Table-Talk," "Concord Days," "Sonnets and Canzonets," and "New Connecticut." The volume of "Conversations on the Gospels," being reports of a series of conversations in the Temple school, is not now in print. His litt'e

volume on "Emerson: Philosopher and Seer," is to be reprinted in September by Cupples and Hurd. It is an affectionate and noble account of his friend, first printed many years ago as a birthday tribute, and enlarged after Emerson's death. It also contains his "Jon: a Monody," a beautiful poetic tribute to Emerson. This book, more than any other which Alcott published, shows his highest quality as a writer and most nearly resembles his conversational manners.

Alcott had but a limited poetical range. Verse cumbered him; he could not make it a means of free movement and flight. His style was crude and his manner tame. His poetical volumes, however, have an interest other than that of the poetry they contain. His "Sonnets and Canzonets" is a series of tributes to his friends, Furness, Emerson, Harris, Sanborn, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Bartol, Phillips, and others. In these poems the verse may be crude, but the characterization is just and true. His "New Connecticut" is an account of his own boyhood and of his early experiences with the world. It was intended as the beginning of a poetical biography, but his failing health compelled its abandonment. It is a quaint and interesting book, full of the memories of a by-gone time, and showing how a moral and spiritual hero was developed in the midst of simple and homely scenes. The book was edited by Mr. Sanborn, who drew from Alcott's diaries much rich and valuable matter illustrative of his early life, and has given it to the reader in the form of a long series of interesting notes. The whole makes a volume of unique value and interest, which is deserving of a much wider reading than it has yet received.

In his "Tablets," "Table-Talk," and "Concord Days," Alcott presents himself to his reader as a thinker. These volumes have an interest of their own; they are unlike anything else we have in American literature. They have something of the out-door flavor of Thoreau's books, but they have also a literary and bookish character wanting to his. They are full of quotations of a kind not to be met with elsewhere, which give value and charm to these pages. One must turn to the "Religio Medici," "The Complete Angler," or "The Anatomy of Melancholy," to find books like these. It is reasonably sure that Alcott's books will last as long as those of Burton, Browne, and Walton, and have the same kind of readers and the same enduring charm and delight. These are good books for serious and thoughtful hours, not for continuous reading, but as the means of giving direction and tone to one's own meditations.

In bringing this brief paper to a close I cannot refrain from a more distinctively personal word of tribute. For a period of two or three years I met Mr. Alcott frequently, learned to admire him, and to appreciate his unworldliness, his purity and his serenity of character. His name had long been associated with those of the men I had greatly admired,—Parker, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and also with Margaret Fuller. He told me much of these persons, and with an interest in all which concerned them that was delightful. He welcomed me to his study as if I were an old friend; and he seemed ever glad to meet with younger persons who cared for ideas and who had been influenced by his great friend Emerson. If he sometimes seemed to be egotistical, I found that it was an impersonal egotism, and not any merely selfish delight in his own achievements. He talked in a charming manner of his own past, of the friends he had known so well, of his own intellectual theories, of the rare and quaint books he had about him, and of his own family and neighbors. He looked the seer that he was; and he spoke in a manner that made me feel I had been in a great presence.

GEO. W. COOKE.

Dedham, Mass.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Between the closing of the Old Testament and the opening of the New, lies a space of about four hundred years. It was a long, weary time of oppressions and misfortunes, but it is lighted up by one of the noblest incidents in history,

the struggle for independence under the heroic Judas Maccabæus.

In the 5th and 4th centuries B. C., Judea was a province, first of the Persian empire and then of the empire of Alexander the Great, and this was a time of peace and fair prosperity; but when Alexander died and his empire was broken up, the little country of the Jews fell to Syria, and then their troubles began again. For Syria was essentially Greek, in language, fashions, and religion—and Greek *debased;* and the Syrian kings became set upon reducing all their subjects into the same Greek ways. A party of Jews who came by and by to be called Sadducees rather favored these plans of the court; but in the crisis a sect of Jewish Puritans sprang up, "Separatists," or "Pharisees," to use the name by which they came to be known in history. These were zealous for monotheism and fanatical opponents of the new ways and fashions. At first, however, they had little influence; Greek dress, Greek ways were the fashion in Jerusalem, and Greek religion was following, and it became a question whether in a few generations the old simple Jewish worship of one God, with its sturdy moral law, would not have silently faded away.

Very likely it would have faded away if the Syrian kings had let things quietly take their course. But they wanted to hasten the process. They used force. They proclaimed death and torture against all who held by the old ways. To circumcise a child, to keep the Sabbath, were death crimes. As the sign of submission the people were required to eat swine's flesh, and as the last outrage, which should utterly crush them, a drove of hogs were driven into the temple courts and their blood sprinkled all over the holy precincts and over every copy of the Jewish scriptures that could be found. The result, however, was not to crush but to arouse. The people were stirred to a frenzy of national feeling, and it was not long before it broke out in open revolt.

Twenty miles from Jerusalem on a rocky hillside was a little village called Modin, where dwelt an aged priest, Mattathias, and his five strong sons. Here came the Syrian officer, setting up a little Greek altar and proclaiming that all must come and sacrifice. He tried to persuade Mattathias to set the example, but the priest not only refused, but when a renegade came to the altar, he, old man as he was, smote him dead; then he turned upon the officer, slew him also, and in an hour the Greeks were chased from the village and the altar was destroyed.

That was the beginning of the great Maccabæan movement. Mattathias and his sons took refuge in the mountains. Numbers joined them. They became a guerilla band, at war with all Greek ways and those who favored them. The bravest and ablest of the five sons was Judas, who became the leader of the movement, and who was so heavy and irresistible in his attacks, that they called him "Maccab," the Hammer, the hammer of the Gentiles, and that name became the popular word of the revolt. The movement grew from day to day. A thousand of the patriots were surprised upon the Sabbath by a Greek force, and being the Sabbath, they would not lift a weapon and were all slaughtered; but the movement had so grown that even though a thousand were taken they were still strong, and thenceforth they fought, Sabbath or no Sabbath, and with ever increasing desperation. It is simply amazing to read what they accomplished. The whole of Judea proper was but some thirty miles square, and against them was the great Syrian empire. Again and again, armies were sent against Judas, and again and again he fell upon them like a thunderbolt and routed them. At last three generals were dispatched with a force of 40,000 footmen and 7,000 horse, and this time it seemed so certain that Judas would be crushed, that the camp was followed by a number of Syrian slave-merchants with gold and silver, to buy up the expected Hebrew prisoners. It was a terrible crisis for Judas and his band; many were afraid as they heard of this immense force, and so, in the spirit of Gideon at an earlier time, Judas bade

any who were fearful, go home. This left him with only 3,000 men. But first by a quick night march he surprised and scattered the advanced body, seized their camp with immense spoil and treasure; and then, reinforced by numbers who gathered at the tidings of his success, he fell upon the main force. The Greeks and Syrians could not stand that furious onslaught with its war cry "Eleazer" the help of God; they were defeated and dispersed, and for two years the Maccabees remained quietly masters of their country.

Then came the glory to which Judas had looked forward—the restoration of their temple and their capital. The temple was in ruins. The courts were overgrown with brush, the altar was broken and strewed with polluting filth. It was a mighty work to purify it all, but slowly all was done, and then for a whole week, with illuminations and songs and thankful offerings they kept the feast of dedication, which thenceforth for many generations was to be one of their gladdest yearly festivals.

It was only a brief truce, however; their real independence had yet to be won.

Before three years were over a great army of 120,000 men was on its way to trample out this audacious revolt. It seemed now as if the hour of the Jews had come. With a half superstitious dread they heard that part of the force was composed of elephants. Judas led his few thousands forward, and his brother Eleazer sacrificed his life to show how the elephants might be destroyed; but the army of Judas was defeated. They fled to Jerusalem and took refuge in the fortified temple. On came the victorious Syrians, and the end seemed inevitable. Then occurred one of those surprises of Providence, such as from time to time in their past history had given the Jews their indomitable confidence. Tidings came to the Syrian army of disturbances at home, and the general announced to the Jews that if they would pay the ordinary tribute of subject peoples he would be satisfied with the victory he had gained, leave them free to carry out their own laws and religion, and withdraw his army from their land.

Once more the clouds had cleared, and Jewish nationality was safe. There were still, indeed, years of struggle. There were traitors among his own people and enemies at the Syrian court; and in a few years armies were again sent to crush the new independency. Upon the first, Judas with a thousand warriors waiting in ambush, falls in his old dreaded way, and once more the country is saved. But with the second time came disaster. There had been divisions in the national party, and Judas had but 800 warriors. These attacked, indeed, with the old courage, "fighting with their hands and praying with their hearts" as the chronicles tell —fought, so that, mere handful as they were, the battle lasted the whole day. But at last the little band was defeated, and alas, Judas Maccabæus was among the slain.

For the moment it seemed as if all was over, but it was not so. Judas had breathed a spirit into his people which was indomitable. The Maccabæan party had, indeed, to fly once more to the caves and mountains, but they chose the next brother for their captain, and when he was slain, Simon, the last survivor, took up the blood-stained mantle of their leadership. And so, now by arms, and now by policy, they kept the national cause from perishing, until the last of the brethren, in the year 142 B. C., saw Jerusalem clear of its foreign garrison, and the little Jewish nation once more established in acknowledged independence.

That independence lasted only 60 years, and then the great conquering power of Rome closed over it, and thenceforth to the end, Judea was a Roman province. But those 60 years were enough to gather the national and religious life of the Jews into a new activity and intensity, which were to leave an indelible influence upon the world.

B. H.

For right is right, since God is God,—
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS.

The possibility of the Unitarian church was created, when Luther on Oct. 31, 1517, nailed his ninety-five Theses to the church door in Wittenberg, and by that act struck a blow for the liberty of the individual and broke the power of ecclesiastical authority. The probability of such a church was created when Robert Browne, some three hundred years ago, advocated Independency as the true church order, holding that the only form of religious organization fitted to restore pure christianity and train men into true piety was that which makes each congregation a local democracy, supreme in itself, a cluster of earnest people drawn together to get good and to do good, and independent of all external authority. Here was a frame-work, which, by giving freedom of growth, encouraged progress; and the very essence of progress in a movement toward rationality.

The certainty of a Unitarian church began when that immortal band of pilgrims, instructed by the wise and noble Robinson, took sail for America, bound together, not by a creed but by a covenant, by which they pledged each other, "The Lord's free people . . . to walk in all his ways, made known or to be made known unto us, according to our best endeavors." It was only a question of time when, from such souls, expectant of progress and more intent on piety than on dogma, would come a religious movement characterized by emphasis on reason and righteousness.

The beginnings of Unitarianism may be traced in John Wise, who as early as 1710 asserted the sufficiency of right reason and the authority of the law of nature in both religious and civil affairs; in Charles Chauncey, who, as early as 1750, gave a humanitarian interpretation to religion; and in James Freeman, who, a century ago, took the first decisive step toward organized Unitarianism in America by removing the doctrine of the Trinity from the ritual of King's Chapel, Boston.

This new form of religious thought and sentiment, which had been quietly growing in Eastern New England for a half century and had put down deep roots in many parishes, found eloquent and incisive exposition in Channing during the first quarter of the present century. This prophet of Humanity, whose real greatness is only just beginning to be appreciated by the world at large, made a plea for spiritual religion which will be fresh as the morning sunshine when ten centuries shall have passed away; for whatever scientific discoveries may be made and whatever social revolutions may occur, the dignity of human nature upon which he insisted is the platform upon which all benefactors must stand and labor; the authority of reason in matters of religion which he advocated so earnestly, is rapidly gaining recognition; the doctrine of salvation by character which brings into prominence the pieties of the heart rather than mere opinions, then a heresy, is becoming one of the glorious common-places of religious instruction everywhere.

The first great task to which this new faith set its energies was humanitarian rather than ecclesiastical. Unlike most young church movements, these Unitarians did not start out to make proselytes and placard people with their name, but instead, they found at their door a work which the other churches had very largely neglected, and they turned all their resources in the line of literature, education, philanthropy, and reform. The Unitarians from 1820 to 1860, exhausted their resources in humanitarian enterprises rather in any work of church extension. They were careless about the spread of their denomination, but zealous for the glory of the American Nation.

The Unitarian pulpit occupied itself with discussions of the problems of education and pauperism, with pleas for the slave and the drunkard. Unitarian laymen were at work in founding asylums for the insane, schools for the blind, reformatories for juveniles, and in organizing charities for the city poor.

The literary and philosophical ener-

gies of its Bancrofts, its Longfellows, its Everetts, its Hawthornes, its Emersons, instead of spending themselves in formulating a system of theology like Calvin's and Edwards', created histories, poems, orations, novels, and essays, which have gone to the making, not of a sect but of a mighty nation.

How many thousands Joseph Tuckerman might have led to his belief in the Unity of God; he chose rather to help the poor reach their possibilities as human beings. How many churches the persistence and earnestness of Horace Mann might have emancipated from Calvinism; he chose rather to do a monumental work for popular education. How far the consecration of Dorothea Dix could have spread the Unitarian name; she chose rather to advocate the cause of the insane. What victories a man like Samuel J. May could have won for a denominational policy; he chose rather to stand by Garrison and fight for the slave.

Theodore Parker might have organized a Unitarian church in every town in New England; he chose rather to stand in Music Hall and instruct the conscience of the rising generation. Starr King, by using his gifts in another direction, might have planted a hundred Unitarian churches along the Pacific coast: he chose rather to make California a loyal state.

Who shall say that these Unitarians did wrong in doing so much for the Nation that they had no time to do any thing for their denomination? Certain it is that they found these mighty social and political tasks waiting for earnest hands, and instead of working for the Unitarian denomination they put every particle of their zeal and energy into these great humanitarian enterprises. And it may be said without any exaggeration, that no other group of three hundred churches ever added in a half century to a national galaxy so many men and women distinguished in letters, philanthropy, reform, and statesmanship.

If Unitarians have not known how to extend their denomination, they have been able to work successfully for human progress and for the highest good of the nation.

But some of these large tasks having been accomplished and public sentiment having been organized for the carrying forward of the others, Unitarians, especially at the close of the civil war, began to ask: "Have we any work to do as a denomination?" And Dr. Bellows, who, as originator and leader of the Sanitary Commission, had learned the use and power of organization, did more than any one else to make Unitarians see their denominational duty and feel the need of organization. At his suggestion our National Conference was organized, and its biennial meetings have done very much toward deepening the denominational consciousness of Unitarians. And for the past twenty years the conviction has been growing that we, as Unitarians, have here in America a religious opportunity, the magnitude of which our fathers in the faith only dimly comprehended; an opportunity which will tax our energies to the utmost to improve, but which by its very greatness creates enthusiasm.

We are coming to the feeling that while we must work for the nation in a large way, as the Unitarians of a half century ago did, yet there is an imperative need for religious organization and direct missionary work far beyond what the early leaders imagined. The undenominational achievements of Unitarians from 1820 to 1860, make an inspiring record, but our tasks are of a somewhat different order. The time has come when our religious movement will disappear unless it is aggressively missionary. Jefferson in writing to John Adams some seventy-five years ago, asserted that in a short time all intelligent people would be Unitarians. His prophecy has not been fulfilled; partly because other churches by becoming liberal have accomodated within their limits, persons of more rational opinions; partly because the influx of foreigners has added inert and incongruous elements which have impeded progress; and partly because Unitarians themselves have lacked the missionary spirit.

And the lack of missionary spirit among Unitarians from 1820 to 1860, was due to various causes which do not inhere in the essence of Unitarianism as a faith. This very devotion to general humanities, of which we have spoken, so preoccupied their minds and exhausted their energies, that all purely missionary interests were crowded aside. They were so engaged in scholarship, reform, philanthropy, that they could not be apostles of a faith.

Another reason was a timidity incident to the feeling that they were in a transition; and until the whole truth had been reached, they were in no position to make disciples. They were modest seekers of the truth, sure that they were going in the right direction, but certain that a great deal was yet to be discovered.

Now, this spirit makes delightful characters, but it is not calculated to create missionaries. Men who are slowly feeling their way out to the light are not in a position to make converts. A conviction that one has, not indeed the whole truth, but a precious truth which others lack yet need, is what sends him forth to be its teacher and advocate. Thus, that attitude of waiting for fuller revelations, which added a charm to those early Unitarians in many ways, yet incapacitated them for missionaries and led them to speak with a certain hesitation which robbed their preaching of the very highest popular power, for the secret of persuasive eloquence is intensity of conviction rather than exactness of statement.

Another cause for the lack of missionary zeal among early Unitarians in America was their relation to the old parishes. Their leading churches in and about Boston, the center of power, were the old first parishes, organized at the very settlement of New England, and supported for many years as a part of the administration of civil government. In these parishes centered the local pride, the inspiring traditions, the family associations of the community. The parish then stood for a good deal beside its theology or religious opinions. In a sense, it was the town as a whole in its religious, historical, and social capacity; so that each parish was a distinct community in itself which could no more be repeated than Bunker Hill or Lexington Green. It was impossible to make a new Concord parish or create one similar to it. Now, when one of these old first parishes, like that at Roxbury, became Unitarian in theology, the change was one that effected only one phase of their corporate life. It still found its chief duties in maintaining those forms and traditions which belonged to it as a social and historical institution. It had only a general interest in the adoption of Unitarian theology by its neighboring parish, just as we have only a general interest in the growth of democracy among other nations; while the creation of another parish at a distance with its theology, was as far from their thoughts as the creation of another United States in Siberia is from the thoughts of an American congressman.

These parish churches were dear to people, first of all, because the churches of their fathers, and not because the exponents of a particular religious opinion; and therefore, they could not be multiplied here and there at will. There, the Unitarian thought was interwoven with a parish system which could not be spread abroad, any more than we can multiply our home and spread it abroad. Roxbury parish might be glad to have the Brookline parish become Unitarian, but all being independent of each other, one parish had no right to attempt to force that result upon another; and the Roxbury parish would no more think of trying to organize a parish with Unitarian theology among Maine lumbermen than we would think of organizing a Contemporary Club among Winnebago Indians. We see then that the inheritance into which Unitarianism was born, held it back for a time from missionary enterprises. Unitarians, however much interested in the spread of their religious views, felt shut up within a parish system which stood in the way of extension. There was no end to what could be done in the Salem parish itself, but to

make another Salem parish somewhere else was to them an impossibility. This state of affairs led Unitarians to reach a very intense and therefore a very rich life; but it kept them from missionary extension. And it is only by a public enthusiasm for the truth as a world-force, by that consecration to larger interests than its own ease and welfare, that a people can renew its energies and hold its power.

But Unitarians are fast coming to their missionary consciousness; and by missionary consciousness I mean the conviction that they have a gospel which the common people need and which they must put into religious organizations for the regeneration of society.

Some ten years ago, I attended the Unitarian Anniversaries at Boston, and the contrast between those meetings and the Anniversaries last held, affords a sufficient and gratifying proof, not only of numerical progress, but of a decided growth of missionary spirit; of an increasing enthusiasm for the spread of our rational faith. There is a deepening conviction that we have an important message to the American people, and that our Gospel must be given organic expression.

The headquarters of our Association, I then found in a small building on an obscure byway; the contributions that year from the churches amounted to only a little over twenty thousand dollars, no church giving over a thousand dollars and a majority of the churches giving nothing; very few churches had been created that year, while some movements had gone to pieces; there was then no general activity among the laity for church extension, though they were foremost in every general philanthropy; and while I heard at those meetings many very eloquent and brilliant speeches, yet there was in nearly all an apologetic tone, an excessive and needless criticism of Orthodoxy, and much self-congratulation over the power of the Unitarian leaven, but there was little emphasis on particular things that ought to be done. There were few clarion tones calling for earnest workmen.

Since then great changes have occurred. The new headquarters on Beacon Street, within a stone's throw of the State House, a large and noble structure elegantly furnished, is one of the finest pieces of architecture in the city. The contributions from our churches to the Association the past year have exceeded fifty thousand dollars, one church giving nearly six thousand dollars, while more of the churches have contributed than ever before; and besides this, more money has been put into missionary enterprises by the churches themselves without going into the treasury of the Association than ever before.

The Building Loan Fund, recently created, of fifty thousand dollars, is all loaned to new churches in small amounts, while an additional sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, now being raised, is nearly all called for in advance: the very best sign of vigorous growth.

During these last ten years the number of our churches has increased nearly twenty per cent.; a very small growth in comparison with that of the larger denominations, and yet a promising sign of life.

But far more encouraging than any thing else, is the growing interest and activity of the laity, especially of the young men. The Unitarian Club, of Boston, is composed of many distinguished laymen who are moving in the direction of a more aggressive policy of church extension and a more practical administration of the religious spirit. The task which it is now discussing is the conversion of Dr. Bartol's church into a great popular institution for the elevation of the working men of the city. And such clubs are springing up at all the centers of Unitarian influence, and at no time have Unitarian laymen taken so deep an interest in church work as to-day.

The women, too, who ten years ago, were doing nothing by themselves, have now a conference of their own, with branches in nearly every church for study and for the aid of new societies; and in the past year they have done nearly half as much by themselves as the whole denomination did ten years ago.

Thus, not only is the missionary spirit growing, but the conviction is passing into action that we must grow by doing; that we must extend our faith by giving to the religious sentiment an administration as broad as the needs of humanity.

A great change was noticeable in the tone and quality of all the speeches made. There was no apologetic or censorious talk; no discussion of the question of fellowship; no prominence of "pale negations;" no hint of the presence of faction.

That morbid self-consciousness, which ran to justifications of our existence and to definitions of our position, has passed away; and every speaker addressed himself to the problem: How shall this work be done? Those two words, "radical" and "conservative," the bane of the past, were nowhere heard; the irritation for which they once stood has subsided and the spirit of mutual suspicion has disappeared. The common feeling is: Let every man go to work to bring in the kingdom of God; and let us judge his doctrine and method by their results.

Never before at our Anniversaries have I heard addresses so earnest, so practical, so hopeful; every speaker seemed burdened with a message, and that message was a plea for more consecrated work.

It was pleasant to notice also that the remarks most heartily cheered were those that pressed the importance of organization, the necessity of carrying our Gospel to the common people, the need of constructive efforts. The large congregations always gave an instantaneous and enthusiastic response to every word said in behalf of positive religious methods. And this spirit is at work everywhere; it comes out in private conversations and in the new directions of church activities. The churches are revising their methods so as to present a more popular administration; some, like Mr. Herford's, are holding vesper services at which large numbers of the unchurched masses attend.

The indications then are many that Unitarians are fast reaching a state of mind which may be called the organic consciousness. They are getting ready to do something on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of their doctrines and the magnitude of their opportunity.

Everywhere the earnest solicitude is: Where are the young men to do this work? It is not money alone that is needed; nor hearers that are needed, but earnest men.

Give us a thousand pure, intelligent, and earnest young men, and in the next ten years we will have a thousand new and strong churches, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and all doing a mighty work for the higher civilization of America. And I believe the time is coming when young men will realize that there is no place where they can find a more noble field for the display of their powers, a wider scope of usefulness, or a better platform from which to work for the highest destinies of America than the Unitarian pulpit.

It is evident to the careful observer of the quality and currents of modern life that three great tendencies are at work reshaping all institutions and giving new directions to social and religious activities. The scientific spirit is supreme in the world of thought; it has proved itself competent to discover truth; it is the revelator of the ways of God to the age that it now is. The social impulse is penetrating the fabric of civilization; it is passing judgment upon old institutions which have fostered inequality and denied freedom; it is demanding more reciprocity between all classes of society; it is working out new political forms which shall give every man a better chance and shall insure more justice between man and man; it is compelling investigation of pauperism and crime and organizing every where bands of true helpers to kindle hope and wipe away tears. This humane consciousness is the main spring and motive power of our new civilization.

The educational method is the divine process by which the progress of the race is unfolded. Starting from the conviction that human nature has inherent capacities and is so far perfectible, and inspired by vast love for hu-

manity, this educational philosophy seeks to secure progress and to prevent and cure evils by enabling every Son of God to realize the utmost possibilites of his humanity.

Now, the religion which improves the opportunity now open, which solves the problems which confront us, and which does this needed work of emancipation, must be the instrument and minister of these imperial tendencies; it must have no message narrower than the truth of things and souls now known; it must arm itself with the social impulse and work for no ends narrower than the universal needs of mankind; and it must do its work by those rational methods of education which enrich by cultivation and bring in the kingdom of God by the laws of moral and spiritual growth. These tendencies are at work everywhere; religious doctrines and methods are everywhere being adjusted to them and becoming informed by them. And whoever puts himself in closest harmony with them, conforms his organization to the pattern which they furnish, and makes these impulses the motive power of his ministry, will do a large and permanent work.

And just so far as we Unitarians make ourselves the prophets of these truths and the administrators of these tendencies, so far will we do the work that is waiting to be done; and so far as we work in harmony with these tendencies will we help our race; and so far as we help all men realize their humanity will we prosper and make ourselves an evangel to future ages.

J. H. Crooker.

EMERSON ON IMMORTALITY.

In the last collection of essays that Emerson made he included one on "Immortality." In it he says: "We live by desire to live. We live by choice, by will, by thought, by virtue, by the vivacity of the laws we obey, and obeying, share their life; or we die by sloth, by disobedience, by losing hold of life, which ebbs out of us. All the comfort I have found teaches me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places that I do not yet know. I have known admirable persons without feeling that they exhaust the possibilities of virtue and talent. I have seen what glories of climate, of summer mornings and evenings, of midnight sky. I have enjoyed the benefits of all this complex machinery of arts and civilization and its results of comfort. The Good Power can easily provide me millions more as good. . . All I have seen, teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. . . We wish to live for what is great, not for what is mean. . . The soul does not age with the body. . . The soul stipulates for no private good. That which is private I see not to be good. . . Future state is an illusion for the ever present state. It is not the length of life, but the depth of life. It is not duration, but a taking of the soul out of time, as all high action of the mind does. . . A great integrity makes us immortal." To Frederika Bremer he said: "The resurrection, the continuance of our being is granted, we carry the pledge of this in our own breasts; I maintain merely that we cannot say in what form or in what manner our existence will be continued." While at sea on his return from his first visit to England, he wrote in his Journal: "The purpose of life seems to be, to acquaint man with himself. He is not to live to the future as described to him, but to live to the real future by living to the real present. The highest revelation is that God is in every man. Milton describes himself in his letter to Diodati, as enamoured of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow. It has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned, though all the martyrs apostatize. It is always the glory that shall be revealed; it is the 'open secret' of the universe. And it is only the feebleness and dust of the observer that makes it future; the whole is now potentially at the bottom of the

heart. It is not a sufficient reply to the red and angry worldling, colouring, as he affirms, his unbelief, to say, Think on living! I have to do no more than you with the question of another life. I believe in *this* life. I believe it continues. As long as I am here I plainly read my duties as writ with pencil of fire. They speak not of death; they are woven of immortal thread." To his wife, forty-eight years later, when he was dying, "he spoke tenderly of their life together and her loving care of him; they must now part to meet again and part no more."

A SUNDAY IN JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE'S CHURCH.

Last autumn, Dr. Spears, the editor of the London *Christian Life*, spent some weeks traveling in this country. After his return home he published in his paper a number of very interesting articles on what he had seen and heard in America. Among the number was one entitled "A Sunday in Dr. Freeman Clarke's Church." The recent death of Dr. Clarke gives new interest to the article; we therefore publish the most important part of it. It is as follows:

"One place of worship," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes, "comes nearer than all the rest to my ideal standard. The stranger who approaches my 'Church of the Galileans' looks down a quiet street and sees the plainest of chapels, which owes whatever grace it has to its high roof. Within, there is very little that pretends to be attractive. A small organ and a plain pulpit show that it is a church; but it is a church reduced to the simplest expression. Yet the fairest flowers of the year, in their succession, are clustered every Sunday morning over the preacher's desk. Slight, thin-tissued blossoms of pink, and blue, and virgin white, in early spring; then the full-breasted and deep-hearted roses of summer; then the velvet-robed crimson and yellow flowers of autumn; and, in the winter, delicate exotics that grew under the skies of glass:—in their language, the whole year tells its history of life and growth and beauty from that floral desk. There is always at least one good sermon—this floral homily. There is always at least one good prayer—the brief space when all lips are silent, after the manner of the Friends at their devotions. No clerical costumes, no ceremonial forms, no carefully trained choir! A liturgy they have, to be sure; which does not scruple to borrow from the time-honored manuals of devotion, but also does not hesitate to change the expressions to its own liking. And there is an atmosphere of peace and love in the gentle, thoughtful faces, the cheerful but reverential spirit, the quiet, the tone of active benevolence. Perhaps the good people do seem a little easy with each other; they are apt to nod familiarly; and have even been known to whisper, before the minister came in. But it is a relief to get rid of that 'Sabbath face' which suggests the idea that the first day of the week is commemorative of some mournful event. The truth is, these brothers and sisters meet very much as a family does for its devotions; not putting off their humanity in the least, considering it a matter quite delightful to come together for prayer and song, and for good counsel from kind, wise lips. And they have not the air of a worldly set of people; clearly they have not come together to advertise their tailors and milliners, nor for the sake of exchanging criticisms on the literary character of the sermon they may hear. Among these quiet, cheerful worshippers there is no restlessness and no restraint. One thing that keeps them calm and happy during the hour which to many congregations is so evidently trying, is that they join very generally in the singing. Some will sing a little loud, perhaps; and now and then one impatient chorister will get a syllable or two in advance; or another will so lose all thought of time and place in the luxury of a closing cadence that he holds on to the last semibreve upon his private responsibility. But how much more of the spirit of the old psalmist is there in these imperfectly trained voices than in the academic niceties of the paid performers who take our musical worship out of our hands! How sweet is

this blending of all voices and all hearts in one common song of praise!"

Twenty-two years ago I first caught sight of the vivid sketch which I have somewhat roughly compressed into the foregoing sentences; and for twenty-two years I have envied all travellers to America their opportunity of taking part in the gathering which it describes. It was not until the present autumn that such an opportunity became my own.

It was in the midst of such surroundings that I found the author of "Thomas Didymus" and of "Ten Great Religions." There he sat on the long wide platform where, in front of the sofa and the arm-chairs, was the desk with that rich caparison of flowers which Wendell Holmes describes so lovingly. Between us and this platform there stood upon the floor the simple wooden table which the associations of years have made more sacred to the men and women of this "Church of the Disciples" than the most richly jewelled altar. A plain, square-built, unecclesiastical chapel it was; the sunlight coming down into it from a high octagonal lantern in the middle of the ceiling. There was a gallery at one end, which was almost unoccupied; but the seats on the floor were closely filled with a congregation numbering, I suppose, some four or five hundred souls. Perhaps it is their long connection with their aged counsellor, and his church, that creates the close, sociable sympathy between them; which manifests itself at the end of every service, and sets their chapel so resonant with friendly salutations, and fills it with so many chatting groups, that their neighbors in the colder and less homogeneous churches have nicknamed them "the How-do-you-do Congregation."

But I was glad to find, too, that their warmth of fellow-feeling did not wait until the end of the service to manifest itself, but was apparent throughout the sacred hour itself. They had wisely kept themselves free from the enfeebling luxury of a paid choir; and the result had been to produce the only hearty congregational singing that we heard in any Unitarian church in Canada or the States. A lofty precentor, some inches over six feet high, kept the time with his baton; and a few ladies who had volunteered to sit together for the purpose, supported him by their voices. Very impressive that earnest singing was from the first moment of the service, which began by the congregation rising to their feet and joining heartily in the Doxology. Plenty of singing we had; and, to save the aged pastor's strength, the hymns were announced and the lessons read by a member of the congregation, a busy Boston lawyer. But Dr. Freeman Clarke himself delivered the sermon and the prayers; and it was his voice that called us to the good grave Quaker custom of the Silent Prayer. As I saw him at his desk I ceased to wonder that his congregation bore themselves with a grave and reverent demeanour unusual in American churches, for I perceived where they had found the example of it. There was a lesson of devout reverence in the solemn bearing of the grey-haired, grey-bearded man, whose frail form was stooping somewhat under the weight of his seventy-six years, and whose quiet voice and thoughtful eye seemed the fit expression of his calm spiritual wisdom. When the final benediction was pronounced, and that voice was silent, I felt for the first time in my life, and probably the last also, I had been present at a religious service which perfectly realised my long-imagined idea; a service where nothing was lacking, and where nothing jarred.

JESUS' RELIGION WITHOUT HIS THEOLOGY.

There is much talk in some quarters, of religion without theology, and even of the religion of Jesus without his theology. But as well talk of fruit without fruit trees, or of water without wells or springs.

What is Jesus' theology? and what is his religion? Let us see.

"God is,"—that is Jesus' theology. "Therefore let us order our lives as in his sight,"—that is his religion. But does any one fail to perceive that the "God is" must come first, and is necessary to the existence of the other?

"God is a spirit" (or "God is spirit") —that is Jesus' theology. "And they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"—that is his religion. "God is love"—that is his theology. "Therefore let us love him"—that is his religion. "God is our Father"—that is his theology. "Therefore let us be dutiful and loving as children toward him, and kind and helpful as brethern one toward another"—that is his religion. "God is perfect, with all moral and spiritual perfection"—that is his theology. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as he is"—that is his religion.

Thus we see that Jesus' theology is fundamental. Without it, his religion could not have been. Great thoughts about God, great faiths in God, such as Jesus had, are the trees of which his beautiful religion is the inevitable fruit; they are the springs and wells of which his religion are the sweet and necessary outflow.

Some one has said, "I love flowers, but I hate botany; I love religion, but I hate theology." Rev. M. J. Savage, commenting on the utterance, says: "These words undoubtedly express a wide-spread popular feeling; and yet there is a most delicious absurdity underlying them. As though there could be the fair outline, the dainty tinting, the sweet fragrance, of the violet or the rose, except for the underlying plan, the fibrous framework, that supports it and enables it to be."

Because much of the theology of the past has been irrational and cruel, there are many who are saying to-day: Let us away with all theology. But as well say, because much in the governments of the past has been irrational and cruel, let us away with all government; or because education has often been short-sighted and foolish, let us do away with all education.

What is wanted is not *no* theology, but a *simple, rational, true* theology. Make the tree good and the fruit will be good. Make the fountain pure and the water will be sweet. We can get the sweet, natural, simple, beautiful *religion* of Jesus by getting the *sweet, beautiful, simple, reasonable theology* of Jesus. But in no other way. J. T. S.

A FAVORITE HYMN AND ITS AUTHOR.

Quite wonderful, sometimes, is the growing and gracious power of a good hymn, which, perhaps, had a very humble and almost unknown origin. It reminds us of some new star that comes in sight to the wistful astronomer and ere long finds its acknowledged place in the planetary system with orbs "forever singing as they shine." So, ever and anon, some new and beautiful song of prayer or praise appears to view, seen at first, it may be, by only a few at most, but destined soon to wider recognition, until finally it is claimed as properly belonging to the great harmonious whole, and henceforth with the rest perpetuates ceaselessly its vast and sacred ministry. In not a few of our later hymn books there is one of these favorite songs of which I wish to give here some account. Like many other clergymen, no doubt, I have often given it out to be sung in the church or at funerals for comfort to sad or bereaved souls, and have found scarcely any other so well fitted to afford the needed consolation. One might wish it could always be sung to the tune of *Henley*, as arranged in the "Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association, in 1868. However familiar the lines may be to the reader, let me quote them here, as they are printed there:

"Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,—

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

So far as I know, the first church collection in which these lines appeared was the "Book of Hymns," compiled by Rev. Samuel Longfellow and Rev. Samuel Johnson, and published forty years ago. The hymn was omitted in their "Hymns of the Spirit," 1864. It was adopted by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in the present "Disciples' Hymn Book," which was founded on his earlier work of 1844. We find it in Mr. Hepworth's "Songs of the Unity," 1859, and also in the "Methodist Hymnal," 1878. In these and other collections it appears as "*Anonymous.*" Dr. James Martineau introduced it into his later compilation, "Hymns of Praise and Prayer," 1874, and refers it to the "Book of Hymns," above mentioned. He had sought to ascertain the name of the author, and the inquiry was made of friends in America as well as England. The desired information was received too late for the first edition of his new hymn book. No one seemed to know who the writer was. An item was inserted in the *Christian Register*, asking any reader of that paper, who might be able to give the name, to send it to the editor. A Medford correspondent, "M. L. R.," under date of July 12, 1874, stated that the hymn was a part of one that had been published in 1839, in an *Annual*, entitled, "The Christian Keepsake," and that it was composed by Miss Catharine H. Waterman, of Philadelphia. Accordingly, when the association issued, in 1877, the revised edition of its "Hymn and Tune Book," the hymn reappeared with this name of the author. "M. L. R." had in hand an old copy of the *Annual* referred to, and offered to send it to the *Register* if desired. In the issue of July 25, 1874, the whole of the original poem was published, and it is again reproduced here, since many who are familiar with the portion of it which was adapted to use in the Sanctuary, may not then have seen it in its early and entire form, as it was printed in the *Register*, but may like to see it now.

"Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden,"
Come unto me, ye who are sore opprest;
The white-haired sire, the young and tender maiden—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Ye who have seen the clouds of tempest cover
All that the earth had promised fair and bright;
Ye who have seen death's pinions darkly hover,
Quenching the life that was a joy and light:

Come unto me, though shadows round you gather,
Though the sad heart is weary and distrest;
Then ask for comfort from a Heavenly Father—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Ye who are mourning o'er the young and cherished,
Ye who have laid the lovely in the earth;
Ye who have wept when the young infant perished,
Ere it had lisped its little words of mirth:

Come unto me and see its wings of brightness,
The fading flower that withered on thy breast,
Thou shalt receive it in its robe of whiteness—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Ye who have mourned when autumn leaves were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the old slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with glory-wreaths were crowned;

Ye who have sighed for kindred voice to bless you,
Ye who so oft its gentle tones have blest,
Come where in peace they shall again caress you,—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Large are the mansions in yon heavenly dwelling,
Glad are the homes no sorrows ever dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely prest;
Then hither haste, all ye who mourn in sadness;
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Who it was that, entering into the spirit of these verses, thought and saw how with slight alterations and adaptations a beautiful and noble hymn could be taken from them for wide and permanent use in public worship, and actually rendered the service for us,—I do not know, but presume it may have been Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Johnson. Perhaps some reader of *The Unitarian* can tell us.

But who was Catharine H. Waterman, who had thus written so long before? While engaged in certain hymnological researches some years since, I was curious to learn who she was and whether she was still living, for I felt that one who has breathed such a song of the spirit as that, must needs have contributed other offerings of a like nature. But no one, of whom I inquired, could tell me what I wanted to know. I had not, to my recollection, seen the name before, and it was not in any of the indexes of authors that were at my command. Thinking that the name might possibly have undergone a change and so found its way into some volume of selections under a new form, I was one day looking more carefully through certain books of this kind, when my eye fell upon this, in Griswold's "Female Poets of America":

"CATHERINE H. ESLING.

Miss Catherine H. Waterman was born in Philadelphia, in 1812; and under her maiden name she became known as an author by many graceful and tender effusions in the periodicals. In 1840 she was married to Mr. Esling, a shipmaster of her native city."

I at once wrote to Dr. Furness about the matter, and with his accustomed interest and helpfulness in all good things, he immediately sought out the Esling family and soon wrote to me, Jan. 31, 1881: "I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Esling this morning. She is a plain, cordial woman, some where near seventy;—an Episcopalian by birth, but loving, she was pleased to say and I was pleased to hear her, to visit my church. She has long given up writing. Her hymns never would have been published but for her mother. She promised to hunt up and send me some other hymns of hers. She did not know how fond we are of *that* hymn. She accepted my change of one word, *victory*, for 'spirit wreaths,' which smacks of spiritualism. She lives some three miles from me, more or less, in a house of one of those snug, two storied blocks which are the pride of our city, —very small, but neat and comfortable. I gather she lives with her daughter. She spoke of a son in the west. I thank you for putting me upon hunting Mrs. E. up. She loaned me a volume of her verses published here thirty years ago, now out of print:—'The Broken Bracelet, and Other Poems,' all breathing a refined spirit, some quite touching."

In my mousing about in the New York book-stores after various rare, or out-of-the-way, treasures, I failed to find a copy of Mrs. Esling's poems, but one day, while I was on a visit at Philadelphia, I was more successful. I had not time to go the three miles out from the heart of the city and call upon her as I would have liked to do, but I inquired at several places after her book and was on the point of giving up the search when I came across a shop that seemed well stocked in old, second-hand literature, and that really had one only copy on its shelves. "Now out of print," indeed,—I thought.

All that Griswold or Dr. Furness had remarked of her verses, it is unnecessary to say, was seen to be just and true. Written in her earlier life, many of them doubtless while she was a young lady, they are full of sentiment and feeling, and bespeak a heart full of affection, a passionate love of nature, and a spirit of pure and simple trust. None of them are remarkable, but all of them reveal an easy, happy faculty for versification, and are inspired with true and tender thought, while many of them, like the hymn, "Come unto me," have not a little real inspiration and beauty. A sad or pensive strain runs through a considerable number of them, as if the writer had already tasted the deeper sorrows of life. Such lines as these, taken from a poem entitled, "The Mother's Prayer for her Dead Babe," seem to have been written out of the

agony of one who herself had suffered the loss she describes:

"Father of light, I lay
Before thy mighty throne this pulseless thing;
This precious piece of clay
In humbleness of heart to thee I bring!

* * * * *

Thou, whose high throne of grace
Is raised above the burning stars at night,
Whose glories we may trace
Through every rolling planet's living light;

Who lookest from on high
Into bereaved hearts; whose gracious ear
Hath heard the raven's cry,
List to a mother's prayer—in mercy hear!

* * * * *

Father, within thy hand
Is immortality, and endless joy!
Take to thine angel-band,
My heart's pure cherub, my young bright-haired boy.

Give to my baby, wings,
Give him the vestments of thy grace, O God!
Into thy breast he springs—
Hold, hold my aching heart, I kiss thy rod."

There is a fine, spirited piece, entitled "The Emerald Isle," which was set to music by Dempster, and so may have been more widely known than most of these poems.

Here is a sweet little song which will find an echo in many a heart, for many a man and woman must have had the writer's own experience. It is itself entitled, "That Little Song."

"Sing me again that little song,
Oh! sing it once again!
A thousand buried memories rise,
Before its simple strain.

I heard it when a happy child,
Amid a merry throng,
From gleesome voices long since hushed—
Oh! sing that little song!

I see again the bright green sward,
Whereon we gladly played,
I hear again the echoing sound
Their little footsteps made.

Their voices, like a ringing shell,
Are murmuring in mine ears,
And not a single eye is dim
With sorrow or with tears.

Hither they come, the rose-lipped ones,
In many a sister pair,
While the rich music of their hearts
Swells out upon the air.

Oh! through the long, long lapse of years,
They greet me once again,
Those young companions of my mirth,
Waked by that simple strain.

Heed not the tears within mine eyes,
While the quick memories throng
Of other days upon my heart:—
Oh! sing that little song!"

The longer poems are "The Broken Bracelet," "Edith, or Woman's Trials," "Flowers." etc. "The Sermon on the Highway" is one I will send by and by to the *Unitarian.* And here is the hymn, "Come unto me," in the same form in which "M. L. R." copied it for the *Register* from the *Annual,* except that the line in the later volume, "Many are the mansions in yon bright dwelling," appears in the earlier more happily, "Large are the mansions in yon heavenly dwelling."

It is seen that the compound word to which Doctor Furness took exception, "Spirit-wreaths," was not in the original. In the copy from the *Annual,* and here in the volume of poems, it is "glory-wreaths," which seems to me better than the word which Dr. Furness suggested, or than that which was substituted evidently by the compiler who adopted the hymn for church use and which "smacked of spiritualism."

Whether the dear songstress is still living in the quiet home where Dr. Furness found her seven years ago, I cannot say. It is pleasant to recall, that however little he had been acquainted with her, she had often, though an Episcopalian, been attracted to his church to hear his word; and it is a touching circumstance that she had been passing her advancing years there in her retired suburban retreat, and had not known how the lovely song of her early life had been more and more singing its way into the worship of the Christian church on both sides of the Atlantic, and carrying balm and strength to thousands and thousands of the weary and sorrowful. She all unconsciously had been fulfilling this beautiful ministry to souls, nor had these themselves known who it was that blessed them.

A. P. Putnam.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

The Heart's Prayer.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see;
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God! silent to Thee;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God! trembling to Thee;
True, sure, trembling to Thee.

Thomas Moore.

Monday.

Duty.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noon-day light and truth to thee.

Ellen Hooper.

Tuesday.

Song of Faith.

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled:
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead:
God has forgotten the world!

Day will return with a fresher boon:
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon:
God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of good;
Sorrow, the servant of joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs:
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon:
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon:
God will remember the world!

J. G. Holland.

Wednesday.

The Deeper Things.

Children of men! the unseen Power whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which hath not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man,
"Thou must be born again?"

Children of men, not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well
The Friend of Man desires.

Matthew Arnold.

Thursday.

Deeds and Words Die Not.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:
But, for a thousand years,
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last:
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

John Keble.

Friday.

Building.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation-stone.
Then, the courses, framed to bear,
Lift the cloisters pillared fair.
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries.
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Here a carving rich and quaint,
There the image of a saint;
Here a deep-hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless, touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Based on truth's eternal law
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.

Susan Coolidge.

SATURDAY.

The Quiet, Hoping Heart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er he order now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away.
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good,
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here will I take my stand;
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land,
My Father's care
Is around me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

Samuel Rodigast.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNITARIANISM.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE'S RELIGIOUS TEACHING EPITOMIZED.

At the first meeting held by Dr. Clarke's congregation in the Church of the Disciples, after their pastor's burial, Judge Charles Allen, of the Supreme Court, read a sermon, at the close of which he made a brief and impressive address concerning his old pastor and his work. Among other things he gave a statement of what seemed to him the great central truths of Dr. Clarke's preaching, as he remembered that preaching for twenty-five years. He said:

"In Dr. Clarke's view, we are all children of our Heavenly Father, and have entered upon a life which shall never end; and in this world, and in all worlds, we shall always be under our Father's care and love. Evil is not finally to prevail, but good. And two chief duties rest upon us all,—first to improve ourselves, to become pure in mind and heart, to establish our own characters firmly upon right principles; secondly, to do what we can, according to our opportunities to make others happier and better, and to do away with all forms of evil. These things being done or being aimed at, matters of speculative belief as to details are of comparatively small importance.

"When Dr. Clarke undertook to make a formal statement of the five principal points of the new or coming theology, they were: 'The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the leadership of Jesus, salvation by character, and the continuity of human development in all worlds, or the progress of mankind onward and upward forever.'"

OUR INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR INDIANS.

The Montana Industrial School for Crow Indians, established July, 1886, under the auspices of the A. U. A., is slowly recovering from the disastrous effects of the outbreak of the Crows last year. The great unpopularity of the agent, who has favored the school, and compelled the Crows to send their children to it, proved a serious drawback to its success, and when the Crows at last took the war-path, they withdrew most of the pupils. Since the summary suppression of the revolt, the children have been gradually, of their own accord, returning, and at last dates there were twenty-two in attendance, with a promise of others. Mr. Bond writes:

"No one can look into our school and not take heart." "This forenoon, I had all the boys, large and small, out in the garden weeding. They work very well and cheerfully. I am delighted with the promise of the garden. The country is looking very well generally, better it seems to me than I ever saw it before. We have about twelve acres of oats, and six acres of potatoes. All our roots are looking well. I shall have to build a big cellar to contain them.

"The parents of two of our girls are here with two more children which they will leave—very bright appearing little ones. They think we shall not hereafter have any difficulty in getting pupils. Some women who are here, and with whom these people have been talking, say they will bring three children. May be so, may be not. We shall believe what they say when they bring the children. Our hearts are cheered, however, notwithstanding a little skepticism arising

from past experience. We are having success with a small number already. I have great confidence that we shall succeed with a large number by and by. I am impatient for the workshop, and await anxiously the authority to build it. We are not meeting the requirements of our contract with the Indian Bureau till we have the workshop. We have boys now that ought to be instructed in the use of tools more than they can be with our present facilities."

The Indian office has contracted to pay $108, for every Crow Indian taught, fed and clothed in the school, on certain conditions, one of which is that we shall give the boys industrial training in the simpler mechanic arts. Industrial training is a very important part of Indian education, and our school has felt the need of its equipment in this respect.

Having faith that Unitarians will not permit the school to be longer hampered for the want of this equipment, I have taken the responsibility of authorizing Mr. Bond to build the shop at once. The committee on Southern and Indian Educational Work have appealed to the churches of our faith to provide for the current expenses of this Indian school, and are encouraged to believe that they will do so; but for the buildings and equipment we must depend on special contributions. The estimated cost of the workshop and outfit of tools is one thousand dollars.

The following contributions for the school workshop are gratefully acknowledged:

Mrs. Mary Hemenway	$100
Miss Anne Wigglesworth	100
Hon. J. M. Forbes	100
"Response to Appeal"	100
Mr. and Mrs. J. Huntington Wolcott, $25 each	50
Mr. Wm. Endicott, Jr	25
A friend in Dorchester	25
Rev. F. Frothingham	10
	$510

Contributions to make up the balance of $490 are solicited. Also for the purchase of three cows and a sewing machine for the school.

For the committee,
J. F. B. Marshall.

No. 25 Beacon St., Boston, July 3, 1888.

HOW OUR CAUSE IS HURT.

Rev. James H. West has resigned his pastorate in Duluth, Minn., and it is announced that he will go east. The collapse of the Duluth movement under Mr. West's leadership is no surprise, except in the matter of its occurring so soon. The history of the affair is an interesting one, and has in it a lesson which Unitarians ought to learn. The liberal movement at Duluth was started a little more than two years ago, as distinctly Unitarian. A number of our ministers assisted, but the leading spirit, more than any other, was Rev. Oscar Clute, then the missionary of the A. U. A., for Iowa and Minnesota. After preaching had been carried on for some months by Mr. Clute, Mr. Crothers of St. Paul, Mr. Effiinger, Mr. Dole and others, Mr. West, partly through the influence of some of the western Ethical brethren, went there as a candidate and succeeded in securing the place. Though the Ethical brethren continued to claim him as a Unitarian, and do still, yet he was himself honest enough to say to his congregation before long that he was not Unitarian, and to set out to do an "independent" work on a basis which in some respects was similar to that of the Agnostics and in others to that of the Ethical Culturists, having prayers in his Sunday gatherings, but addressing them not to God, but "to intelligent men and women." Being a sincere man, with some pulpit ability, and having the strong endorsement of *Unity* and the editor of the *Unitarian Review*, and a few other Unitarians, he was able to keep his place for a time. But it could be only for a time. The brilliant Free Religious leaders of the East, with a more hopeful and helpful Gospel than his, failed in nearly every instance. Nearly every man that has tried the same in the West has failed. Why should it be expected that an attempt in Duluth would succeed? The sad and humiliating thing is that the management of Western Unitarianism should be so largely in the hands of men who encourage such things,—who insist that our Unitarian ministry shall be open to men wishing to do Free Religious work, Ethical Culture work, Agnostic work. The impression has been abroad among our churches that the ministers most likely to draw congregations and build up large societies are extreme men, with plenty of negation and much science, but with next to no Gospel. But a mistake could not be greater. The men and the only men who draw congregations and hold them, and build up

strong churches, are men who bring to the people great hopes, great faiths, great religious incentives.

Duluth is a fine field for a Unitarian church, as is every city of its size in the West. Let now a man go there who, while broad and free, yet has a real gospel to preach, such a Gospel of love and duty and consecration to God and humanity as Channing and Parker and Starr King preached, and we shall see the waste places built up, and a new day dawn for our cause in the young metropolis of the northern lakes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The trustees of the Manchester New College, our English Unitarian Theological school, have voted to remove the institution from London, where it has been for many years, to Oxford.

When Mrs. Chant preached for Mr. Milsted at Unity Church, Chicago, a collection amounting to $210 was taken up, which the pastor wished Mrs. Chant to use for her own work in London. But she preferred that half of the sum should go to her pastor's (Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's) children's Country Week fund. Accordingly it was thus sent, in the name of Mrs. Chant, "as a heartfelt greeting from Unity Church, Chicago, to Bedford Chapel, London, to show that, though the world is wide, our human love is wider and all-embracing." Mr. Brooke, in replying to Mr. Milsted, said: "If you, as you kindly say, had pleasure in sending me the sum I have just received for the children's holiday fund, imagine what pleasure it has given me to have this generous gift from sympathizers so far away in space, but always hereafter near to me in heart. There are none who do these things save Americans. They seem to feel the community of nations far more than we on this side of the Atlantic. They love their own race and their own people; but they are able to love all the more the wider nation of humanity, of which we all are citizens."

We spoke in a recent number, of the tendency in some quarters to reduce religion to its lowest terms, or, as Dr. Martineau says, to "water it down," until God, prayer, immortality, all the soul's highest faiths, are gone out of it, and still to continue calling it "religion." Touching this point, Martineau says keenly of Harrison and Spencer, and their controversy two or three years ago over the relative religious value of Agnosticism and Positivism: "We have only to open a recent volume of a popular monthly review, and we are present at a memorable combat between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederick Harrison, for the prize of *the best religion that dispenses with anything divine.*" It has to be confessed that this tendency was more or less present in the writings of Matthew Arnold. It constitutes perhaps his greatest weakness as a religious teacher.

Says Emerson: "A wise man advises that we should see to it that we read and speak two or three reasonable words every day, amid the crowd of affairs and noise of trifles. I should say boldly that we should astonish every day by a beam out of eternity; retire a moment to the grand secret we carry in our bosom of inspiration from heaven."

Some one has written out the creed of some Evolutionists as follows:

"I believe in a chaotic Nebula, self-existent Evolver of Heaven and Earth; and in the differentiation of this original homogeneous Mass. Its first-begotten Product, which was self-formed into separate worlds, divided into land and water, self-organized into plants and animals, reproduced in like species, further developed into higher orders, and finally refined, rationalized, and perfected in Man. He descended from the Monkey, ascended to the Philosopher, and sitteth down in the rights and customs of Civilization under the laws of a developing Sociology. From thence he shall come again, by the disintegration of the culminated Heterogeneousness, back into the original Homogeneousness of Chaos. I believe in the wholly impersonal Absolute, the wholly un-Catholic Church, the Disunion of the Saints, the Survival of the Fittest, the Persistence of Force, the Dispersion of the Body, and in Death Everlasting."

Really, this is as bad as the Athanasian Creed or the Westminster Confession.

James Freeman Clarke accomplished an extraordinary amount of work, and worked right on up to his death at a very advanced age. When asked, once, the secret of his being able to do so much, he replied instantly: "My secret is very simple: I have never been in a hurry; I have always taken plenty of exercise; I have always tried to keep cheerful, and I have never failed to take plenty of sleep."

Unquestionably one of the most enlightened, able, and humane of modern rulers is Dom Pedro II., of Brazil. He has done much for the enlightenment and progress of his empire; but now comes the noblest event of his long reign—the final and full abolition of slavery within his dominions,—thus freeing the Western Continent of that foul blot on modern civilization. Brazil has been working slowly and somewhat bunglingly toward this end for some years, a law for gradual emancipation having been enacted in 1871. This law does not seem to have produced quite its desired effects, but the education of public sentiment has been going forward, and the time at last became ripe for the consummation of that which the Emperor and his family and the best people of the country had long desired. The actual signing of the act of emancipation passed by the General Assembly, was done by the Emperor's daughter, the Princess Regent, while her father was lying dangerously ill. But it was known to be in harmony with the father's earnest wish, and will be the noblest monument of the reign of the great and good emperor. The law has already gone into effect. Thus the milestones of the world's progress are set up.

Two of our great and very important national organizations for philanthropy have held their annual gatherings during the past month—the National Conference of Charities and Correction, in Buffalo, and the National Prison Association, in Boston. The latter we did not attend, but the reports in the daily papers show a large meeting and much valuable work done. The attendance at the Buffalo meeting was large—nearly 400 delegates—including a very considerable proportion of the men and women most active and influential in philanthrophic and charitable work in this country. Among the leading subjects considered were the Importance of Industrial Training in Reformatories, and also in connection with the education of the young generally; Care and Treatment of the Insane; the Education of the Feeble Minded; Reformation as an End of Prison Discipline; Charity Organization; Immigration; Methods of Caring for Dependent Children. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of these gatherings. The criminals (many of them mere boys and girls), the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the feeble-minded, the improvident and helpless classes in this country form a great and growing army. Deal with them we must. How to deal with them *wisely*—so as to cure as far as we may, but especially so as to *prevent* the suffering and evil and loss which we deprecate, this is one of the great problems of our time; and it is this problem that these two national organizations are doing so much to solve. One of the best things done by the Buffalo meeting was to pass resolutions asking the churches and ministers of the United States, of all denominations, to set aside two Sundays of each year for the consideration of charitable, reformatory and philanthropic subjects.

UNIVERSALIST NOTES.

OUR INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

June is always a month full of interest in our church, for it brings the annual commencements at our colleges and schools, institutions which are very dear to our people and very close to our best life and activities. The year has been one of prosperity to them all, and a glance at the work they are doing and their steady growth is very cheering to those who have toiled and sacrificed in behalf of them.

Tufts, on its hill-top, commanding the most picturesque view in all the suburbs of Boston, grows more beautiful in situation every year, as its trees and lawns gain in age and richness of verdure. Its buildings continue to multiply, and in its faculty and courses of study it stands among the

very best of New England colleges. It has been fortunate in its presidents, and under the administrations of Ballou, Miner, and Capen has steadily grown in resources, efficiency and influence. It has maintained a wise middle course in reference to the mooted points of classics and sciences, electives and required courses, and while it holds to the old traditions in favor of an "all-around" education, nevertheless affords fine facilities for specialists, particularly in physics, in chemistry, and in the mathematics. The Divinity School has furnished some of the most accomplished and successful of our young preachers, and only needs more funds to become a splendid center of theological training.

Up in Northern New York, St. Lawrence University, in the face of great difficulties has for many years been an educational power, and has fully justified the efforts of its friends in the Empire State. The Theological School, formerly under Dr. Fisher of loved memory, more recently in Dr. Atwood's able hands, has been one of the most vigorous feeders of our ministry. Its graduates have almost uniformly honored and blessed the church. The retirement of Dr. Gaines from the presidency of the University is a great loss. For the sake of the College it is to be hoped that its distinguished and honored alumnus, Dr. Gunnison, may be persuaded to assume the vacant office. But we pen these words in great fear of what his Brooklyn friends may say.

Crossing into Ohio, we find Buchtel College, thanks to its noble hearted founder, thriving from year to year, and waxing stronger in means and in prestige. There is a splendid atmosphere of activity about the institution, on the part of students and faculty alike. The generous gifts of John R. Buchtel have stirred many others to a rivalry in gifts, and every year sees the College enriched and strengthened for its work.

Still further to the west, down in the heart of Illinois, Lombard University does its steady work, always aiming high at standards, and patiently hoping for days of larger prosperity in which the better to realize them. President White is a true scholar with a general enthusiasm for scholarly pursuits, and his spirit is always felt, lifting the ideas of the students toward the highest purposes. It is to be hoped that Dr. Ryder's gifts to Lombard may be the first fruits of new and increasing endowments which will enable her hardworked instructors to do the work that with better facilities they are so well qualified to perform.

In addition to these colleges the academies and seminaries under the patronage and control of the Universalist Church are strong and flourishing. Westbrook Seminary in Maine; Goddard at Barre, Vermont; Dean at Franklin, Mass.; Clinton Liberal Institute at Fort Plain, N. Y.; Perkins Academy at S. Woodstock, Vermont; are institutions in which our people have more than a local pride, and some of which they have maintained for over 50 years. The endowments of these colleges and academies amount to more than two and a half million dollars. They are a perpetual pledge of the interest our laity and clergy have in the higher education, and their sympathy with the broadest and best culture.

CO-EDUCATION.

In this connection it is interesting to note the advanced stand our church has taken upon the matter of co-education. All the institutions named above receive women upon the same terms as men in their courses, with the single exception of Tufts. But so strong is the sentiment in favor of equal educational advantages in the same institutions for the boys and the girls, it is more than likely that in a few years even Tufts will open its doors to the daughters as well as to the sons of its patrons. The system works so well in all the other colleges that it is past a doubt that it would be entirely successful in Tufts as well. The air on College Hill is not so very different from that which circulates at Canton, and Akron, and Galesburg. And when once the shock of change is over, probably everybody will wonder that the reform was delayed so long.

J. C. A.

LITERARY NOTES.

Any of James Freeman Clarke's books will be sent to persons desiring to read them, with no cost except for postage. Address Church of the Disciples, Warren Ave., Corner Brookline St., Boston.

A Christian newspaper is soon to be established in Jerusalem, to be edited by a lady—Miss Delphine Baker.

Says the *Boston Commonwealth:* "Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the novelist, is a devoted member of the Church of England. With the proceeds of her novel, 'The Heir of Redcliffe,' she fitted out the missionary schooner, the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Selwyn, and ten thousand dollars from the profits of 'The Daisy Chain,' are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand."

Dean Bradley, of Westminster Abbey, is writing a life of his predecessor, Dean Stanley.

The total number of volumes in all the public libraries of America is reported at 21,000,000.

"Uncle Tom's Tenement" is the name of a new novel by Alice Wellington Rollins.

The *Lippincotts* announce the complete works of Shelley, in prose and verse, edited by Richard Herne Shepherd, in five volumes.

At its recent commencement Harvard University conferred the degree of Doctor

of Divinity upon President Livermore of the Meadville Theological School. This was a most fitting action; the only cause for regret is that it has been so long delayed.

Col. T. W. Higginson says that the greatest of the "sorrows of authorship" is the inability to get leisure for reading.

For the benefit of inquirers we give a list (with prices) of the books written by James Freeman Clarke. The list may not be entirely complete, but is very nearly so:

Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness of Sin	$0 50
Christian Doctrine of Prayer	0 75
Common Sense in Religion	2 00
Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion. Paper	0 25
Cloth	0 50
Events and Epochs in Religious History	3 00
Legend of Thomas Didymus	1 75
Memorial and Biographical Sketches	2 00
Orthodoxy, its Truths and Errors	1 25
Vexed Questions in Theology	1 00
The Problem of the Fourth Gospel. Cloth	0 50
Paper	0 25
Coffee Houses and Coffee Palaces in England	0 20
Self Culture	1 50
Steps of Belief	1 00
Ten Great Religions. Vol. I	2 00
Ten Great Religions. Vol. II	2 00
The Hour which Cometh	1 50
The Ideas of the Apostle Paul	1 50
Manual of Unitarian Belief	0 25
Every Day Religion	1 50
Life of Jesus. By Carl Hase. (Translation)	0 75
Exotics. Poems translated from the French, German and Italian. By J. F. C. and L. C	1 00

Most of these works can be obtained from the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon St., Boston, by sending the price named.

Rev. Dr. Spears, editor of the London *Christian Life*, Sir Edward Lawrence, and other English friends, have arranged for the immediate publication of a memorial volume of James Freeman Clarke's sermons. The sermons are to be the last eight he preached, on the Lord's Prayer. The book is to be small, perhaps 100 pages, and will be sold for an English shilling. An edition of 10,000 copies will be issued.

On page 322 of our July issue we quoted a passage from Rev. W. C. Gannett, which indicates in a few words the basis upon which he wishes Western Unitarianism to stand. A line just received from him requests us, if we have occasion to use the quotation again, to give the last sentence to the period, as it stands in the original article in Unity. He thinks this helps the reader to understand his meaning a little more fully. If so, we certainly very gladly print it in full. The passage as he wishes it to appear is as follows:

"We hold him to be 'Unitarian' who emphasizes Freedom, Fellowship and Character as his three grand emphases. . . . There is another great word which right willingly we would admit save for one reason: it is *worship*, and the reason it does not enter is because to most minds it still carries a more than ethical significance; it is the gate through which for them the 'God'-doctrine quietly passes in. That is why some friends want it in the motto, and that is why it must stay out; because this motto is not a summary of our intellectual beliefs, but indicates the basis of our fellowship, and we *mean* that basis to be ethical, not theological."

"Notes on the Literature of Charities," is the title of a valuable pamphlet of 48 pages by Prof. H. B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University. The pamphlet is one of a series of "Studies in Historical and Political Science" which is being published by the university named. It contains by far the best brief survey that we have seen of the literature of charity and philanthropy; indeed from no other single volume with which we are acquainted can one get anything like so full and clear a view of what is being done in this country and England for the suppression and prevention of pauperism and the improvement of the condition of the poorer classes. No one studying these subjects can afford to be without this admirable guide. Price, 25 cents.

The last number of Mr. Savage's "Unity Pulpit" for the series of 1887–8 is at hand. It contains a sermon delivered in Mr. Savage's church, Boston, by Mrs. Chant, on "The Growth of Religious Thought in England." The discourse is a strong and earnest plea for a more reasonable, loving and helpful Christianity—a Christianity more like that of the Great Teacher himself. It was with this sermon in mind that the *Congregationalist* published its editorial on "Imported Infidelity."

Professor George T. Ladd, of Yale College, has written a valuable book, published by Scribners, on "What is the Bible? An Inquiry into the origin and nature of the Old and New Testaments in the light of modern Biblical study." It is a condensation and a popularization of his extensive work on "The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," published two or three years ago. The point of view is that of a liberal orthodox and progressive development of the subject. It is not the object of the book to give the history of the Bible writings, but to consider their relations to religion and science. Such subjects as the history of opinions about the nature of the Bible, miracles, prophecies, the Bible as literature, revelation, inspiration, and the authority of the Bible, are thoroughly discussed, and in

an able and scholarly manner. Bible students seeking for a moderate view on all such subjects will find this one of the most helpful books within their reach. Its spirit is candid and liberal, its purpose earnest and noble. It is written with that scholarly fidelity which characterizes all Professor Ladd's work. G. W. C.

Under the title of "Metrical Translations and Poems," Houghton, Mifflin & Co. put out a dainty volume by Frederic H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister. Dr. Hedge's quota contains some of the more difficult rhymed passages from *Faust*, followed by a few of Goethe's mystically religious poems, and some of the familiar lyrical ballads of this author, Schiller, Uhland and Körner. The second translator has included more authors, all of the lyric order,—Rückert, Geibel, Lenau, Chamisso, and others. There is a simplicity and beauty in the German lyric that at once invites translation and makes it extremely difficult to give a version at all approaching the original. In the present instance both the spirit and form of the German poems are generally retained, and the earmarks of translation are few. Dr. Hedge also contributes some original poems of a religious character, and a beautiful sonnet, "Florence in November."

Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., pp. 112. The death of Mr. Sill last year was a real loss to American literature, for he was beginning to be recognized as one of the sweetest and truest of our singers. He had not written very much—one small volume of poems besides the present. But the quality was so high, both in thought and versification, that he was attracting the attention of the best minds. The poems of the volume before us are nearly all very short; but, with few exceptions, each is a gem.

A Wayfarer's Wallet. By Henry G. Hewlett. London, Geo. Redway.

This is a small volume of poems by a liberal Christian across the water. Many of the poems are tender and sympathetic in feeling, nearly all are fresh and inspiring. Particularly suggestive is "The Voyage of the Ages," which portrays the struggles of a Mariner with the Sirens of life. It seems to us likely to live. "The Worth of Life" is a noble appeal to lay aside a fault-finding pessimism and search for clearer visions of life's realities. "Dominus Redivivus, a Plea for the Christianity of the Christ," is the longest and most important poem of the book. It is clearly the work of one who has thought his own way to his opinions. Though somewhat iconoclastic, it does not tear away from faith's embrace anything that is really good. It gives us a vivid picture of the Episcopal church haunted by her ghostly efforts to adapt herself to "Time's widening scope." The Christ of this poem is thoroughly natural and real and never feeds his hearers stones for bread. The poem is one of the many signs of the times, showing that the world is moving toward a more reasonable and helpful religion.

Woman: Her Power and Privileges. By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

We are not partial to the theology of Mr. Talmage, nor to his peculiar style of oratory. But here is a paper covered volume of two hundred open pages which (excepting the last chapter, which does not properly belong to the series, and may be omitted) has very little of theology in it, and much of good sense upon such practical themes as "Women who Fight the Battle of Life Alone," "Worldly Marriages," "The Dominion of Fashion," "What Can and What Cannot Make a Woman Happy," "Woman's Opportunity," and "Parental Blunders." It is well worth the reading, especially of young women whose lives are yet before them.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Items of news are solicited from all our Churches and workers. But to insure insertion they must reach us ON OR BEFORE THE 1ᴳTH OF THE MONTH.

This is vacation time, and our church activities are consequently much diminished. Our readers will not be surprised therefore to find us omitting, this month and next, our "Woman's Work" and "English Notes," and abridging our "News from the Field." All will be resumed in full force when the laborers are back in their places and the work begins again in the fall.

The Ministers' Institute will meet Oct. 1-4, in Worcester, Mass. The two churches there offer their hospitality to all Unitarian ministers attending. All others will probably be given reduced rates at the hotels. The following is the programme:

Monday, Oct. 1, 7:30 P. M.—Public worship. Sermon by Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Tuesday, 9:30 A. M.—Devotional meeting. 10:30 A. M., Essay by Rev. Brooke Herford, "The Aim and Method of Preaching," followed by addresses by Rev. M. J. Savage, and F. G. Peabody, D. D. 3:30 P. M., Business meeting and discussion of the morning subject. 7:30 P. M., Public meeting; Essay by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., "Classic and Semitic Ethics."

Wednesday, 9:30 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. J. C. Jaynes, of West Newton, Mass.; 10:30 A. M., Essay by Prof. E. Emerton, of Harvard Divinity School, "The Conversion of the Germanic Tribes to Arian Christianity"; 11:30 A. M., Essay by Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Pittsfield, Mass., upon some point in New Testament Criticism; 3:30 P. M., Essay by Miss Zilpha D. Smith, Secretary of the Associated Charities of Boston, "Charity"; Address by Rev. E. E.

Hale, D. D.; 7:30 P. M. Address by Rev. W. S. Rainford, of New York, "The Opportunity of a City Church."

Thursday, 9:30 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. W. P. Tilden, of Milton, Mass. 10:30 A. M., Essay by Rev. N. P. Gilman, of West Newton, "Recent Theology." 11:30 A. M., Essay by Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, "The Question of Chance or Design in Nature." W. H. LYON, Sec.

At least five of our Universalist brethren have been made doctors of divinity by the colleges at the recent commencements, viz.: Rev. Messrs. J. C. Adams, Chicago, George H. Deere, Riverside, Cal., W. S. Crowe, Newark, N. J., J. C. Snow, Haverhill, Mass., and H. W. Rugg, Providence, R. I. Says the *Christian Leader*, "It is hoped and expected that these brethren will now, after the manner of such, deport themselves as grave divines."

Athol, Mass.—Rev. Charles E. Perkins, who recently came to us from the Universalists, was installed pastor of the 2nd Unitarian Society, June 29th. Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D., preached the sermon, and Rev. W. C. Litchfield, Rev. H. H. Brown, Prof. J. C. Parsons, Rev. Dr. Putnam, Rev. Dr. Moors, Rev. C. P. Lombard, and Rev. N. Seaver, took part in the service. A large audience was present and a fine reception was held at the close of the service. The new pastor begins his work under hopeful auspices.

—On Sunday evening, July 1st, the 11th Anniversary of the Sunday-school was held. There were recitations, music, floral offerings, addresses, etc. The occasion was a most happy one.

Boston and Vicinity.—There has been great excitement recently over the action of the school committee of the city in the case of Mr. Travis, for many years teacher of history in the English High School. Mr. Travis was charged by a Roman Catholic priest, on the strength of some reports by Catholic boys, with making disparaging remarks on the system of indulgences, basing them on some foot-notes about the Reformation period, in Swinton's history. Thereupon the committee—with, as is charged, very inadequate consideration and in deference to the strong Catholic element in the city—voted that the obnoxious book be *disused* in the public school, and that Mr. Travis be removed from his position and transferred to some other. Two great mass-meetings of citizens were held Wednesday evening, July 11, Fanueil Hall being crowded as in the old anti-slavery days, and an overflow meeting of 1,500 in Tremont Temple; very strong protests were made against the constant insidious efforts of the Catholics to obtain control of public education. Warm recognition was given to the fact that the two women members of the school committee were the only ones who voted against the recent action—one of them, we are glad to say, being our friend, Mrs. Emily Fifield.

—Our church at Mt. Pleasant, Roxbury (Rev. W. H. Lyon's) has secured its new site, corner of Warren street and Elm Hill avenue, has paid for it, and is all ready to begin work upon the new building. Operations have been hindered by some difficulty in getting the purchasers of the old property to complete their argreement, but it is expected that this will now be immediately arranged and that the much hoped for enterprise will soon be actually begun. It is to be a handsome stone church, and it is expected will be ready for occupancy next summer.

—Our Boston churches are running at about half speed just now. Union services are kept up throughout the summer at King's Chapel, New South Church (Rev. G. H. Young's), and for the first time our two Roxbury churches are uniting, the union services being held at Mt. Pleasant through July. Our first Dorchester church is also open as usual, Rev. C. R. Eliot preaching through the summer, intending to take his vacation in September.

—The Sunday School Society is busy preparing for next year's work. The annual meeting is to be held in Springfield about the middle of October.

—Mr. H. H. Lincoln, of East Boston, and Mr. E. C. Smith, of the Harvard Divinity School graduating class, were ordained June 24th and 26th, the former at the Second Church, Boston, and the latter in the chapel of Divinity Hall, Cambridge.

—Rev. C. D. Bradlee, a graduate of Harvard University 1852, who has been a clergyman in and about Boston, for 34 years, has received the degree of D. D. from Galesville University, Galesville, Wisconsin.

—Mrs. James Freeman Clarke and her two daughters are at Magnolia, where the family have spent their summers for so many years.

—Edward Everett Hale and family are spending their summer, as usual, at their country home in Matunuck, R. I.

—Rev. E. A. Horton and family are at Cohasset.

—Rev. H. W. Foote and family are occupying their cottage at Magnolia.

—Rev. Geo. L. Chaney and family, of Atlanta, Ga., are spending July and August at their country home in Leominster, Mass.

Buffalo, N. Y.—In a recent visit to this city we found the Unitarian church prosperous and happy under the leadership of its new minister, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, who, by the way, has recently married and gone over to Europe for a wedding trip. On the Sunday of the National Conference of Charities (July 8th) Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, preached at the Unitarian church in the morning; and in the evening Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City,

spoke on "Problems of Poverty and Pauperism." On the morning of the same day Rev. S. J. Barrows, of Boston, preached at the Universalist Church. We found everywhere, not only among Liberal Christians, but among all classes, religious and not religious, our former minister, Rev. Geo. W. Cutter, held in warmest esteem and honor, for the great breadth and usefulness of his ten years' work in the city.

Camden, N. J.—Unity church has settled as its minister Rev. J. L. Corning, who has recently joined our fellowship from the Congregationalists.

Chelsea, Mass.—During July and August the Universalist church, S. W. Sample, pastor, and the Unitarian church, A. W. Martin, pastor, hold union services. In July the latter preached in the Universalist church, and in August the former preaches in the Unitarian church. This would be a good method to adopt in other places where there are both a Universalist and a Unitarian church.

—Rev. Mr. Sample preached at Dubuque, Ia., on July 8th and 15th, and at Lansing, Mich., on July 29th.

Chicago.—On July 24th, Dr. Thomas preached at the People's Church his last sermon before vacation, on "Rest," closing with the words, "For another year we have together sowed the seed of thoughts, and prayers, and songs, and tears and joys, and now we turn aside to rest that we may work again." He will spend his summer in the East, visiting and speaking at the Universalist Grove Meeting at Weir's Landing, Aug. 6-12.

—Prof. Swing summers in his cottage at Geneva Lake, Wis.; Mr. Utter has gone to Milton, Mass.; Mr. Jones into Wisconsin; Mr. Milsted and Mr. Adams stay at home. All Souls' (Mr. Jones') church will be open through the summer, with lay services.

—A recent number of the Chicago *Farmer's Voice* contains a sermon by Mr. Jones on "The Tender Side of War," giving many very touching reminiscences of army life.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—A circular from Mr. Thayer informs us that the new church edifice which the First Unitarian Society is erecting will probably be ready for occupancy in the early fall.

Greenfield, Mass.—The Prospect Hill School has closed a prosperous year. The report of Principal Parsons shows an increased attendance, and greater general advancement in studies than ever before. The trustees are considering the matter of erecting a new building for the use of the school. A brick structure, to cost from $15,000 to $20,000, is desired, and a committee of the board was appointed to consider ways and means of securing it.

Harvard, Mass.—About one hundred pastors, delegates and superintendents of Sunday-schools, attended the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Worcester Sunday-School Society, held June 27th, at the First Parish Church, Harvard. In the morning, after a devotional service, led by Rev. Ai S. Annis, reports of the secretary and treasurer were read, committees were appointed, and an instructive paper on "The Teacher as Pastor" was read and discussed. In the afternoon there were addresses on the subject,—"The Worth, Object and Needs of the Bible Class in the Sunday-school."

Iowa City, Iowa.—The Wesleyan University of Bloomington, Ill., has recently conferred the degree of Master of Science upon Rev. Arthur Beavis, pastor of the Unitarian Church here.

—While Rev. O. Clute is at work as missionary of the A. U. A. in California, his family remain in Iowa City. He is expected home for a short visit early this month.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Rev. Charles Ellis has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church. He came here last autumn, and, by reason of certain recommendations, succeeded in getting a foot-hold in the church. It was soon discovered that a moral cloud was hanging over him, and an effort was made by leading members, on this account, to prevent his becoming the pastor. But he carried the day, badly dividing the church. It is to be hoped that he will not be able to secure a footing in any more of our pulpits until the cloud which he is under is removed.

Milford, N. H.—The Unitarian church dedicated June 19th, is one of the most beautiful in the state. At the dedication services in the afternoon, the invocation and reading of the Scripture lesson were by Rev. J. B. Gilman, the sermon by Prof. F. G. Peabody, D. D., the address by Rev. Dr. Morison. In the evening there were addresses by Rev. W. H. Savage, Rev. J. B. Gilman and Rev. E. B. Payne. A fitting tribute was paid to Rev. A. M. Pendleton, who has had entire charge of the work of building, and a report was made by the treasurer stating that the society would be free from debt.

Minneapolis, Minn.—In the death of Robert Hale, the Unitarian cause in Minnesota loses one of its ablest and most influential supporters, and the city of Minneapolis one of its most honored and useful citizens. He was one of the founders of the First Unitarian Society, and up to the time of his death a trustee; and in the movement to erect a house of worship for Rev. Kristofer Janson and his Scandinavian church he bore a leading part. Passing through an extended business career in the East, another in Chicago and another in Minneapolis, during which he was at the head of two important railroads and a board of trade he gained and kept the confidence

of those with whom he had to do to a very unusual degree. The testimonies not only to his business ability, but to his moral worth, are extraordinary.

New Orleans, La.—The annual financial report of the New Orleans Unitarian church indicates an increase of strength and prosperity from year to year. Much credit is due to Mr. Allen for the energy and perseverance with which he has carried forward the work in this important city under difficulties which to many would have seemed insurmountable.

Springfield, Mass.—The Church of the Unity is to have six handsome memorial windows. The first of these was received a few weeks ago, and was erected by Hon. J. A. Rumrill, in memory of Grace Rumrill Miller and Charles P. Miller. It has for its subject the Good Shepherd, and has been described as perhaps the handsomest specimen of stained-glass work for church use yet produced in this country. Mrs. H. B. Burt and Mrs. W. H. Wesson will erect one in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith; Mrs. J. M. Thompson one in memory of her husband, Col. J. M. Thompson; the children of Col. Geo. Walker one in memory of their father; Mr. Chester W. Chapin of New York and Mrs. J. A. Rumrill one in memory of their father and mother, and Col. George Bliss of New York one in memory of his parents.

St. Louis, Mo.—After service on the first of July, the Church of the Messiah was closed, for two months. Mr. Snyder left at once to spend his vacation with his family at Nonquitt, Mass.—During the summer a new organ will be placed in the church. The one now in use was taken from the old church, and has never been considered quite in keeping with its present surroundings.

—Early in the Spring the ladies of the Eliot Society determined to establish a public ice-water fountain. The money was raised and all plans made, when an unlooked for obstacle was encountered. It was necessary to obtain permission from the city authorities, and that proved to be a slow and tedious process. One of the trustees of the church is a member of the council, and has faithfully used his influence, but the consent of the Lower House has not yet been granted. The delay is greatly regretted by those who are interested in the work, as this is the season when the fountain would be most acceptable. It may yet be completed before the summer is over.

—The Church of the Unity is also closed.

—Mr. Learned will remain in the city.

Ware, Mass.—Mr. B. W. Pennock was ordained pastor of the First Unitarian Church of this place, on June 27th. The council met at 12 A. M., and chose Rev. J. F. Moors, D. D., moderator, and Rev. G. H. Badger, scribe.

At 2 o'clock the service of ordination began. Rev. O. I. Darling made the invocation, Rev. A. F. Bailey read the Scriptures, Rev. E. A. Horton preached the sermon, Dr. J. F. Moors made the ordaining prayer, Rev. Grindall Reynolds gave the charge to the pastor, Rev. G. H. Badger extended the right hand of fellowship, Rev. B. V. Stevenson gave the charge to the people, and Rev. F. W. Betts made the closing prayer.

Mr. Horton took his text from Rev. iv: 5, —"Seven lamps of fire which are the seven spirits of God." These he called: 1, The eternal goodness; 2, Human responsibility; 3, Leadership of Jesus Christ; 4, Continuous revelation; 5, The perfectibility of man; 6, The aim of religion, a type of life; and, 7, Belief in a universal church. The subject was ably handled and left a lasting impression upon the audience. The following churches were represented: Second of Boston, Brookfield, Barre, Northampton, Petersham, Palmer, South Natick and Warren. The A. U. A. was represented by the secretary and the state missionary. G. M. C. B.

Weirs, N. H.—On August 3-5 there will be held a Unitarian grove meeting, at which will speak Rev. C. W. Heizer, Rev. J. B. Gilman, Rev. A. P. Putnam, Rev. Fielder Israel, Rev. Robt. Collyer, Rev. S. C. Beane, Rev. E. C. Abbott, and Rev. James Kay Applebee. Several distinguished laymen, also, will be there to address the laymen's meeting. Reduced rates are to be given at the hotels and on the railroads, information concerning which may be obtained from the "Unitarian Grove Meeting Committee," Weirs, N. H. All other correspondence should be addressed to Rev. E. C. Abbott, Lawrence, Mass.

Wilton, N. H.—Rev. Frank L. Phalen, of this place, has finally accepted the call of the Unitarian Church at Brattleboro, Vt. He will begin his work there September 1.

Winchendon, Mass.—A very sad calamity has fallen upon the Unitarian church here, and indeed upon the community in general. It is the sudden death of Rev. Charles H. Wheeler and his wife. They were driving, and having occasion to cross a railway track, their carriage was run into by a freight train, causing their death almost instantly. Mr. Wheeler was practically the founder of the Unitarian church in Winchendon, having come here twenty-three years ago while the little handful of liberal people who had gathered themselves together were yet worshiping in a hall. Through his efforts a church edifice was erected; and all the progress of the society since has been directly associated with his ministry. He had made himself greatly beloved and very influential in the town, in educational matters, in charities and good works of all kinds. The funeral was largely attended. Rev. E. H. Hall, of Cambridge, Mass., Rev.

W. H. Pierson, of Fitchburg, Mass., and Rev. Davis Foster, of Winchendon, taking part in it.

JOTTINGS.

The Japanese government has sent over to this country a party of six young men (one a physician, one an editor, and one a Christian minister) to inspect and report upon the public buildings, colleges, charitable institutions, hospitals, prisons and prison systems of the United States.

The *Christian Leader* calls attention to the fact that Dr. Priestley's "Lectures on the Evidences of Revealed Religion," delivered in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1796, were given in the Lombard St. Universalist Church, and that in them he avowed himself in full sympathy with the pastor of that church, Rev. Elhanan Winchester, in his belief of Universalism.

A beautiful movement is that to organize "Bands of Mercy" everywhere, in schools and Sunday-schools, to teach children to be kind and merciful to all human and dumb creatures, and to try to protect them from cruel treatment. This movement seems to be going forward rapidly in England. The general secretary announces 520 Bands and 110,000 members in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Geo. T. Angell reports 69 new "Bands of Mercy" formed in the United States last month, and 97 the month before.

George M. Pullman, palace car builder, has a high opinion of women's executive ability and pays them men's wages for men's work.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, abiding, god-like hatred.—*F. W. Robertson.*

In a recent number of the *Weekly Witness*, Mr. Geo. May Powell makes the following statements regarding the use of tobacco, and its effects:

1. I was on a city mission committee in a metropolitan city for seven years. The work of this committee was chiefly among prisoners. Noticing the large proportion of crime due to drink, I, with others, made some investigations relative to the roots of the drink habit. We found 84 per cent. of those who got into criminal trouble through drink charged the use of tobacco with being the beginning of their intemperate habits.

2. The French and German governments have found on scientific investigation that smoking tobacco was so hurtful to the mental, moral and physical welfare of man that they have prohibited its use among those educated by their governments for civil or military service.

3. The London *Lancet* says: "No smoker can be a well man."

4. Tobacco insanity, tobacco heart that kills instantly, tobacco cancer, etc., are now widely spread and widely spreading physical terrors, as recognized by able medical men.

"Nothing is more sure to me, than that I ought to be as good and noble as I can."—*Plato.*

The true test of civilization is not the census, not the size of its cities, nor the shops, but the kind of men the country turns out.—*Emerson.*

The *Cambridge Tribune* tells the following good story which throws light upon the question of whether or not there is theological progress going on even in the Calvinistic sects. The subject of the story is Rev. William Barrows, D. D., of Reading. He is a man of liberal views,—*too* liberal his brethren sometimes think. At a recent meeting of the Suffolk (North) Association, at Newton Highlands, he concluded to play a joke upon his conservative brethren who have so much to say against the "new departure" in the Congregationalist body. Accordingly he preached a sermon in which the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination in its most rigid form was set forth and approved. When criticisms were called for, every man who spoke condemned the sermon,—the conservative men as strongly as the liberals. Then Dr. Barrows explained himself. He said he wrote that sermon just forty-two years ago, directly after graduating from the theological seminary. It was strictly in accord with the seminary teaching and the theology generally preached in orthodox churches at that time. He said: "I have preserved this sermon, in order that you may see that most old school men of to-day are new departure men, judged by the standard of forty years ago; and in order to make it clear that, as progress has been a good thing in the past, it may not be a bad thing in the present." The brethren appreciated the joke, and it is to be hoped that it will do them good.

The broader a faith is, the more imperishable. It is the local that dies. This made Moses perish and his ceremony. Popes and kings and thinkers and soldiers have been destroyed because they loved the ideas of a day, but Christ is as powerful in the nineteenth century as he was in the first, because his principles were as broad as all centuries. The human family cannot outlive them nor migrate beyond them—*David Swing.*

Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes us: "I want to thank and congratulate you on the last number of *The Unitarian.* I do not know when I have read so much of a magazine, and when I have wanted to read it all. If you can keep up to that standard it will do no end of good."

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The Brooklyn Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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